

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

A TENDENCY to be generous with other people's money is often found in the dealings of the meanest and most miserly, and frequently we find men who never pay their own debts except under compulsion, prompt and more than generous in settling bills entrusted them to pay for others. Likely enough such men satisfy their consciences by averaging their so-called good impulses with their very bad performances, and thus, if opportunity offers through the position of paymaster in some sort of public position, they get passable reputations as "good fellows." This sort of philanthropy is not only cheap and nasty, but is almost certain to disorganize and corrupt every service into which it is introduced. It may be only a petty spirit that protests against improper payments to the poor, yet viewed from the same standpoint, all criticisms directed against unbusinesslike transactions whereby needy people profit by an extravagant distribution of public funds, are likewise beneath the dignity of either an editor or any man in public life. If there were no principle at stake, I would certainly view the discussion with regard to the pay received by the letter-carriers and the women who wash out the City Hall, as exceedingly small and uninteresting matters, for I am not like those editors and aldermen who pretend that private woes rising from a capacity to earn nothing but laborers' wages make my own life intolerable by day and haunt me at night. If, indeed, I were so susceptible to being depressed by the shadows which hang over the lives of others, I would not go to the public service, either at the Post Office or the City Hall, to find types of ill-paid misery on which to spill my tears. The would-be politicians, whether in newspaper offices or aldermanic positions, however, in order to call attention to their largeness of heart, are forced to weep upon the street corners and in council places as the Pharisees were once wont to pray in public to establish their piety. To the thoughtful, demagogic "philanthropy" is disgusting and depressing, for one need have but little knowledge of the tasks of well-intentioned public men to know that such hypocrisy fills with thorns the path of uprightness and justice.

If without any effort or expense on our own parts either the writer or readers of this article could present to all the letter-carriers or City Hall cleaners a competence which would save them from any further thought of the morrow, there would be no more complaints from either class of wage-workers. If wishing could provide horses every beggar would ride, and the poorest would live in mansions and fare sumptuously every day. When, however, it comes to individuals depriving themselves of even a tithe of their luxury in order to better the lot of the needy, philanthropy assumes a different phase, and the question arises whether the person who serves the public shall be treated on a different basis from the one who serves the private citizen. Without doubt the public service should be an example to private employers, not only in generosity and justice, but in frugality, honesty, and the payment of a proper wage for faithful work. As it is, the public service is more attractive than private employment, not because it offers better pay, except in the case of favoritism, but because the employment is permanent, and, for some reason, considered more honorable than the more risky tasks which offer greater opportunities of promotion and profit. A small certainty, it is said, has ruined more men than vice; people are so anxious to be sure that they shall not be lacking bread on the morrow that they compromise with fortune by accepting a small situation in which they will be safe from fear. The enormous number of people who are looking for every job in the public service makes one think that the majority of people look with cowardly eyes at the future and are anxious to creep into some sheltered nook and vegetate for the remainder of their days. Probably they know themselves better than others can know them, and are wise in seeking a small certainty. Of one thing we may be sure, the clamor for small places in the public service is enough to deafen those who have the patronage. Certainly a higher rate of pay does not need to be added to the attractions of public jobs, no matter how small they are, to ensure sufficient suitable applicants to keep every service fully equipped. If the pay is to be made distinctly better than the same class of people who apply for the jobs can get anywhere else, the clamor for place will be increased tenfold, and the patronage which so frequently corrupts and unsteadies alike the giver and the receiver will become an enormous engine towards the upsetting of honest, able and economic government.

In the case of the letter-carriers, who are required to have nothing but a laborer's equipment, except the ability to read and write, a maximum pay after a few years' service of \$600, together with shoes and uniform, appears to me sufficient. It is the rule of the Post Office to take young men of eighteen or twenty years of age, give them \$350 per annum at the start, and increase them forty dollars per year till they reach the maximum figure. Suppose, for a moment, that they learn a trade. Taken the year round, it is doubtful if an average mechanic makes \$600 per annum in a good year after paying for his clothes. And why should one who has not served his apprenticeship to a trade, is no smarter, and has worked no harder, be paid better? The postman has more opportunities of making a little money on the side than the mechanic. If he is saving he has many chances of picking up little pieces of real estate, and of buying and selling, which would not interfere with the discharge of his duties. He has, too, the satisfaction of knowing that he is better paid than the average clerk in a store, who has to wear better clothes at his own expense; much better paid than the country school-teacher, who has to have a more than ordinarily good education; and is always certain of his employment as long as he behaves himself. When times are particularly good, as they are now, and living becomes expensive, he may find it harder to get along, but then when times get bad and rents are low, and living cheap, his pay is not reduced, as in the case of mechanics. So on the average he is better off than many bank clerks, who have to serve many years before they get even \$600 per annum. He meets hundreds of people every day to whom life is not more hopeful than to himself, and if he is shrewd and meets many who are more prosperous than himself, it is his own fault if he cannot find some better situation, for of course he does not have to remain in the Government service unless he finds it satisfactory.

Now as to the women who do the cleaning in the City Hall, and who had their wages reduced from \$4.95 per week to \$4.20 per week, and have since had the former pay restored. In one of the evening papers their case was stated by one of themselves in a way which made the reader sorry not only for them, but for all women who have to work. They received fifteen cents per hour, a scale paid to all corporation laborers. There were twenty-six of them—a very large force, it seems to me, for washing even so big a building as the City Hall. They apparently worked thirty-three hours a week each, an average of five and a half hours a day. They were reduced to twenty-eight hours per week, which is four and two-thirds hours per day. If the weekly stipend is small, the number of hours daily is certainly not burdensome. When the matter was brought up in the com-

mittee, one of the aldermen stated that they were overstocked with charwomen, and that by working fewer hours the same staff could do all the work. This was thought to be a more humane way than to discharge any of the unnecessary staff. The aldermen and editors, however, who have tried to make a point out of advocating the retention of the twenty-six and giving them pay for more hours than are required for their work, would probably be the last people to pay the women who come to their private houses to do washing and cleaning, at the rate they insist should be paid by the city. The ordinary charwoman gets a dollar a day and is expected to work from seven or eight o'clock in the morning until six at night, nine or ten hours. They, too, have rent to pay, and children to clothe and feed, and if they live at a distance carfare to provide, yet the aldermanic and editorial heart does not soften to the woman whose misery they see and of the hardship of whose task they have individual knowledge! They do not insist on paying fifteen cents per hour, nor do they give the woman

ment of a big money-spending department, if, for instance, the gas works are taken over. "Not economy, but votes," is his motto, and perchance must be that of every man who dares to be businesslike. Ald. McMurrich dodged the dripping mop by crying out, "It was a mean, contemptible thing to reduce the wages of the charwomen." The panic spread, the rout was complete, not a man in Council dare say "Nay." 'Twas a famous victory—for whom? All the aldermen were decorated for bravery, so no one gained an advantage. The ratepayers? The item was too small to be considered apart from the principle. The working classes? Never; for such performances frighten the property owners into leaving public franchises in private hands lest the abuse of taxes be worse than the abuse of the franchises. Public ownership is the thing for the working classes, but it is kept back by such abject pandering to wage-workers. Far better had it been to pension half a dozen of the cleaners, when the amount of the bill would have been openly charged to gallantry, philanthropy, cowardice,

which by right belongs to the public. To forever guarantee them ten per cent. on their stock is unbusinesslike if not insane. For the city to go into the stock market and try to play bear against the gas bull in an attempt to purchase a controlling interest in the company, is to invite every log-roller and gambler in the town to take a hand in the game. If possible under the law, or under such laws as can be obtained, the whole gas-making and distributing outfit should be expropriated, if after the possibilities and the amounts are settled the property owners approve of the proposition. It is worth spending considerable money in order to find out exactly where we are at, and if the price and possibilities do not seem to warrant the investment there is still another way to proceed.

ELECTRICITY, admittedly the great rival of gas, is being generated all around us by water power. Its transmission without great loss over considerable distances has been shown to be possible. Nearly ten years ago, at the great electrical fair at Frankfort-on-the-Main, power generated at the falls of the Neckar, one hundred and seven miles distant, I saw delivered in sufficient quantity to run all the machinery at the exposition, and then began a strong crusade in favor of Toronto being served in a similar way. The loss in transmission at that time was nearly fifty per cent., but everything pointed to a much more economical service in the future. At the present time the loss has become an inconsiderable factor, but the great natural water powers in this vicinity are being rapidly pre-empted. The proposal to ask the Legislature to empower Toronto to bring power from any point a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles distant and to distribute the same, has met with what seems to me sudden appreciation when I remember how coldly the same proposition was received when first presented in this city. It cannot be denied that the experience of other cities and towns has proven the economy of large original outlays to provide permanent electrical energy at a low price, and it is better for this city to wake up now than later. What is needed is not only authority to construct conducting lines, but also to obtain permission to conduct the water from higher levels to the neighborhood of Toronto that the power may be generated nearer home. This city cannot afford to be at the mercy of power companies, and should have a right to generate power wherever it finds it profitable to do so. The practically inexhaustible reservoirs at higher levels than Toronto and within reaching distance, are nearly all waiting to be exploited. In discussing the water supply the city authorities obtained fairly reliable data as to the construction of an aqueduct from Lake Simcoe, together with the amount of power that could be generated on its descent. The advance of electrical science, the decrease in the loss in transmission, and the increased confidence felt by the people in all water power and electrical projects, are such as to demand the re-opening of the whole subject, not tardily, but immediately. Nothing needs to be actually done in a great hurry except the obtaining of all necessary powers from the Legislature. The moment this is in our possession we can proceed with great rapidity, and at the same time fortify ourselves against being blocked or dominated by any existing monopoly. Possessed of sufficient electrical energy generated by water power, we can compete with the existing electrical and gas companies in a way which will certainly bring them to their senses.

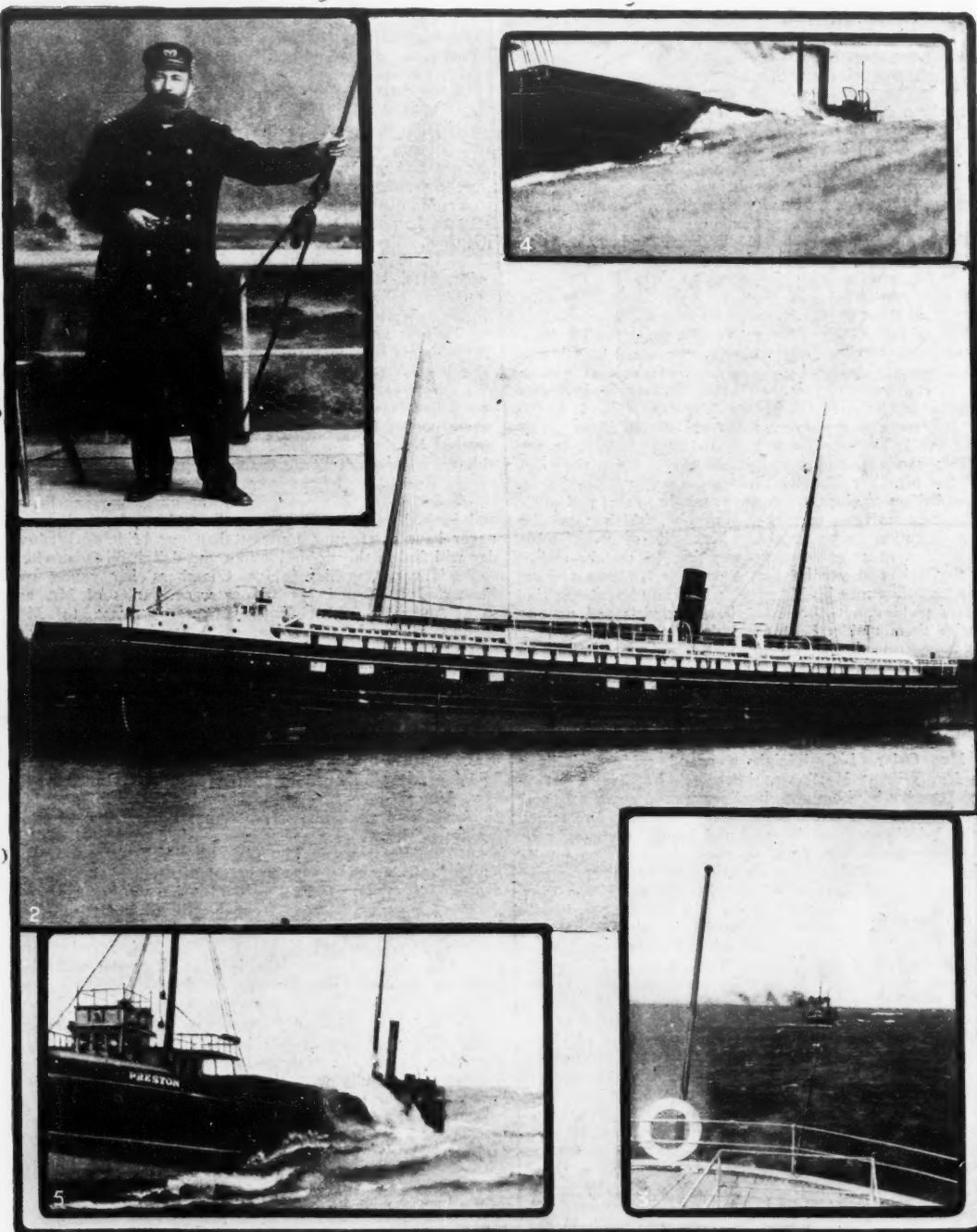
The great danger to be avoided by those who go to the Legislature asking for authority to act, is that of having some single scheme so firmly fixed in their minds that they limit the powers petitioned for to those which will simply cover the one proposition. What is asked should be broad enough to provide us with every opportunity which nature and science present. To have authority to distribute alone is not enough, for no deliverer may bring a sufficiently large electric current to our door. To convey from a distant point and deliver would not be sufficient, for then we might not find any company willing to generate and sell the amount of electricity required. Authority to establish works in any definite place, to transmit and to distribute, would not be sufficient, for the place selected might not prove suitable. There is no reason why the Legislature should not grant a general authority for everything to serve a municipality that would be required in such a connection.

ACCORDING to the London "Chronicle," "Mr. Edward Blake's ten minutes' speech on the financial relations question was a miracle of condensation." Mr. Blake's talking and thinking apparatus must have been rebuilt since he left the Canadian Parliament, where it used to take him five or six hours to thoroughly exhaust his subject and his audience. I wonder if he is a better listener than he used to be. With his soft hat pulled down over his face, everybody's speeches seemed to bore him, and his followers hated to talk in the presence of a man who seemed to think that nothing on his own side of the case was well said unless he said it himself. Indeed, when he got through with a subject there was never anything left to say.

THE Liberal wave is running high just now even in the districts where it made least impression at the general elections. On Tuesday Mr. Riley defeated Mr. Barnard in Victoria, B.C., by a majority of about five hundred, for the first time in its history that constituency becoming Liberal in federal politics. On Wednesday Hon. James Sutherland, the new Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was elected by acclamation in North Oxford. On Thursday Editor Pense of the "Whig" was elected by acclamation in Kingston as member of the Legislature. This sort of thing must make Hon. G. W. Ross wish that he was to hear Ontario's verdict next week rather than next summer.

THE late lamented Pan-American Exposition is finally declared to have been a loser to the extent of \$3,326,144. In deciding as to the cause of the failure the newspapers of the United States have come to the conclusion that the management relied for advertising upon snide tricks to get free notices in the press. For resenting these tricks, predicting failure and dubbing it the Tin-Pan Show, I got freely advertised as a "knocker." What was said by some of the newspapers across the line was calculated to make me feel sore, but now that we are all of the same opinion as to the mistakes of method, let us wait together in peace for the big show which is promised by St. Louis in 1903.

THE mistakes of the Morality Department may not be more numerous than usual, but they are more noticeable. I appreciate the great difficulties under which constables employed in this department have to do their work. Watching a rather disreputable class of people, it is not strange that they soon learn to take the worst possible view of those who are reported to them as being bad. Three recent cases indicate far too great a willingness to interfere in domestic matters which might better have been left alone. The first was the taking of the photograph of the family of a man who, though on a spree, was by no means noted as a common drunkard or one who neglected his offspring. These pictures, intended to excite sympathy for



HEROISM AND SKILLED SEAMANSHIP ON THE LAKES.

(See page 6).

1. Captain George McDougall of C.P.R. Steamer "Athabasca." 2. "Athabasca" trying to tow the sinking steamer "Preston." 3. "Athabasca" trying to tow the sinking steamer "Preston." 4. Sea breaking over the "Preston." 5. The "Preston" down by the stern.

employment when there is nothing to do. Their hypocrisy was evident when they jumped mercilessly upon the Commissioner, who had been ordered to cut down expenses to fit the estimates, and abused him for taking the bread away from these poor defenceless women. It may be that in the same department there are many men who should have their pay cut down or the hours of their service reduced, or both, but that does not excuse the keeping of more cleaners and spending more money on them than necessary. Of course it is cowardly to cut down the wages of women and to leave too many male clerks, or to pay them salaries they do not earn, but the aldermen and controllers who had to do with this affair have shown themselves to be moral cowards.

The evil has not been corrected by reinstating the charwomen at the old pay! The other employees who should have had their pay trimmed have not been disturbed, and won't be. They got there because they had a pull, and will stay there and be over-paid and under-worked for the same reason. The spasm of economy has passed and has cost nothing but some demagogues. However, it is always the same; complaint is made of the expenditure of too much money, and the initial reform—in this case a badly chosen one, perhaps purposely so—is met with such a turmoil, with so much abuse and such an imputation of motives, that the department is ultimately left in its old condition, and the newspapers and aldermen who have posed as the friends of the poor are the ones to blame, and they are really the worst friends that the poor can have.

NOW HERE IS THE POINT. This city is turning strongly towards public ownership and management of necessary monopolies. Is this the way they are to be managed? If so, may Heaven protect us from public ownership, for nobody but a demagogue will be able to secure the management of any such service. Straws show which way the wind blows, and we had a picture of even the able and astute Ald. Spence, leader of the Public Ownership Movement, sharp enough to out-manoeuvre the Mayor, falling flat on his face before the scrub-women's brigade. Great gods, heard ye him shout for the restoration of the reduced pay! He it was who seconded the resolution to capitate, restore the pay, and put the price "in the interim appropriations." A nice man he, to have the manage-

whatever you will, than to sneak it into "interim appropriations," after nullifying the work of the Board of Control, the Property Committee and the Commissioner. If the civic charwomen will only cover the aldermen with studs, scrub-brush them off, whack them with their mops, and make them climb a tree as a public exhibition, they can have all the gate money and the whole city will be there to see.

A PART from the dangers of demagoguery—favoritism, extravagance and corruption under the name of sentimentality, or the same sins under the guise of political patronage in the management—public ownership of public utilities presents nothing but what is attractive to the electorate. A franchise is attractive to capitalists because it is a permit to do what the public are forced to have done, and which by reason of the weaknesses upon which I have dwelt they are frightened to do directly or to have done on their own behalf. The warm condition of the gas question at the present moment is a good illustration. The "Consumers' Gas Company" had its origin and obtained its opportunities in the pretense that the company would be run on a co-operative basis, and that those who burned gas would be the beneficiaries of all improvements in methods, extensions and service, cheapened materials for production, and the enhanced value of by-products. There is a general belief that the best brains of a number of clever men have ever since the inception of the company been busy preventing the consumers receiving their just share of the profits. The whole matter has become so muddled, the different methods of proposed relief so radically at variance, and the fear that electricity will displace gas as a producer of heat as well as an illuminant so general, that now that the City Council has got the thing back in its own hands even the best informed should be slow to give advice.

One thing is evident to those who, like myself, do not believe that gas is to be superseded in anything like the near future by electricity, particularly as fuel, and that is that the franchise and plant of the Gas Company must be returned to the hands of the people at the least possible cost. The holders of gas stock have made more than their original investment entitled them to, and their assets, no matter how reckoned, must, it is believed, contain much

the Children's Aid movement by showing destitute youngsters, were naturally enough enraging to the father when he pulled himself together and got back to work. The attempt to take a fifteen-year-old girl away from her parents because the neighbors had accused the so-called boarding-house of being a place of bad repute, involved a shameful publicity for one who is almost a young woman, was without suspicion of wrong-doing, and at the head of her class at school. Of course it may be said that she should not have resisted the officer, but it is the right of every free citizen who has done no wrong to protest against being taken to the police station. Good judgment can hardly be expected of a frightened girl, but it should be expected of an officer. The third case is of a young woman who came from a country town to work as a servant with the sister of her former employer. The girl's mother and brother, for some reason not explained, strongly objected to her remaining, and the Morality Department lent its power to the persuading, if not coercing, of the domestic. The news papers which published the names of innocent people concerned in this last episode acted perhaps more disgracefully than the police, for in the latter instance publicity did no good whatever, and was liable to damage the reputation of a number of women.

In the three cases specified the action of the authorities was shown to have been mistaken, disturbing, and tending to the disgrace of people who had not transgressed the law. This sort of thing is carrying matters with altogether too high a hand, yet I am not aware that anybody has been even reprimanded for officiousness. The young girl who was haled through the streets to the police station, and the young domestic who was confined in the lock-up over one night at least, though there was no whisper against her reputation, seemed to me to have exceedingly good cause of complaint. It would be better in this free country for the morality officers to be less active than thus to incur the odium of even occasionally being pestilent busybodies.

LAST Sunday night Rev. Mr. Hincks of Trinity Methodist Church concluded a series of three sermons on the "moral and immoral influences of the daily press." During his special ministry to the editors and reporters of this city he said many truthful and sometimes unpalatable things, though leaving some needed criticisms unspoken, probably through his lack of intimate knowledge of the working of "print-shops." In concluding, he said that "Mosque of Mendacity," not "Temple of Truth," is the sign which might honestly be written over the door of many of the editorial offices. He dealt severely with misrepresentations and the unfair attacks made by papers upon those to whom they were opposed, and while he was at it he might have spoken a word to some of the denominational weeklies which are not above the same contemptible practices. I have in mind the editor, or manager, or whatever he may be called, of the "Canadian Baptist," who a few weeks ago published an untruthful attack upon me, alleged to have come from a correspondent, who quoted nothing I said, but roundly condemned me in the harshest terms for doing stated things which I had not done. To this was added the meanest kind of an editorial paragraph. As it would be useless to answer in "Saturday Night," which goes to but few of the same readers, I wrote a letter and took it to him myself, denying the imputations and challenging him to republish the article from this paper which was criticized. He assured me he would make the matter right, though he did not promise to publish the letter, but he only added to the offence by practically reiterating the charges and asking his readers to judge the article (mine) for themselves. Probably but an exceedingly small percentage of his readers had ever seen the article or were likely to take the pains to obtain it, and my situation was certainly not improved.

His explanation of his refusal to publish the letter was that he could not enter on a controversy. I certainly did not begin any controversy with him, nor had ever been asked to publish any explanation of what I had written. Evidently his idea of Christian courtesy is to have all the say himself, even though he does not moderate the language of what he publishes to suit the truth. Such conduct in the empire of a ball game, such rank unfairness at a horse race or a dog fight, would precipitate a riot, and yet it is all done with a smugness and sorrow for sin which would make an old-time Pharisee have a fit. It is no wonder that Rev. Mr. Hincks is not in favor of a religious daily and is of the opinion that a "specifically" religious paper, even a weekly, is not wanted. He is reported as saying that the weekly religious papers are no longer what they used to be. He certainly has no cause to complain of his own denominational organ, the "Christian Guardian," and I suspect that he must have been reading the "Canadian Baptist."

Social and Personal.

ON Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock a very beautiful wedding was celebrated in St. James' Cathedral, the Bishop of Toronto and Rev. Canon Welch officiating, when Miss Ethel Adine Matthews, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot D. Matthews, and Mr. John Kenneth Leveson Ross, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ross of Montreal, were married, in the presence of a very large assembly of relatives and invited guests. Half an hour before the time fixed for the ceremony, old St. James' was opened to those entitled to witness the marriage, and the earlier guests had an opportunity to admire the very simple, stately and effective floral decorations, of arches and banks of green and ranks of snowy calla lilies and azaleas, which were arranged across the chancel. Dr. Ham played some beautiful and appropriate music until the bridal procession was formed in the entrance porch, and then from the chancel floated the sweet singing of the chorists as the ushers led the way, and followed by the bridesmaids, maid of honor, and the bride and her father, went up the long center aisle to meet the waiting bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Campbell Reeves. The ushers were the bride's brother, Mr. Wilmot Matthews, Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. Hugh Osler, and Mr. Walter Kingsmill. The bridesmaids were Miss Buck of New Orleans, Miss Sutherland of London, England, Miss Shaughnessy of Montreal, and Miss Sheila Macdougall of Carlton Lodge. The maid of honor was Miss Amo Osler of Craigleith, and the fair quintette entered in the order in which I have named them, the maid of honor, tall and fair, immediately preceding the bride, who was a picture, petite and exquisite, in her bridal gown of trained white satin, draped with rare point lace and chiffon, with trailing garlands of orange blossoms artistically lying on the train and peeping from the cloud of lace and chiffon. Gleaming pearls, rare and costly, hung in a rope about her girlish neck (which was half veiled by a yoke of tucked mousseline), and held a beautiful pendant of pearls and diamonds, both being gifts from the father-in-law and bridegroom-elect. The veil was prettily arranged on the bride's raven hair, and her witching eyes and sweet young face looked lovelier than ever under the airy folds of tulle. The bridal bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley in showers. The maids wore white crepe de chine, gleaming, silky and graceful and touched with ecru lace insertions and applications, white tulle chapeaux, with touches of mink and some rich lace. They carried sheaves of American Beauty roses, with huge bows and streamers of ribbon of the same soft rose shade, and wore chain bracelets with pendant lockets on which the bride and groom's initials were done in turquoise. Mr. Ross was the donor of these beautiful souvenirs of the happy day, and he also presented the best man and ushers with pearl pins. It was a most typical "white" wedding; midwinter in the air without, which was later heavy with feathery snowflakes, and the only touch of color in the bridal fineries being those grand bouquets of roses, the most exquisite even Dunlop has ever sent out.

When the service was over, and the register duly signed,



MISS ETHEL A. MATTHEWS.

MR. J. K. L. ROSS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross faced hundreds of happy smiles and good wishes, unuttered but plainly evident, on their way down the long aisle, and the bonnie bride was "happily" shortly in a cloak fit for an empress, of white velvet, lined with ermine, and followed by their bridal party the bride and groom drove to 89 St. George street, where the reception was held. It was summer indeed in the Matthews home, which had been turned into a rose garden by the florists, and the guests, after greeting the bride and groom, who stood in an alcove quite roofed with pretty green and pendant pink roses, passed from room to room in ecstasies of admiration of the exquisite decorations. A screen of laurel hid an orchestra in the entrance hall; roses, crimson and white, large and crisp and odoriferous, banked a mantel; one room was all in pink; the buffet was done in American Beauties, of which a bonnie bush was formed, planted in a wicker jardiniere, but the gem of all was the round table set in the ball-room for the bridal party. Centered by a huge wedding-cake, crowned with white roses, and delicately strewn with maidenhair, spotless lily of the valley and hyacinths and surrounded by lovely bride and maids all in white, it was the prettiest sight imaginable. The health of the bridal couple was proposed by Mr. E. B. Osler, who was very happy in his little speech, and a rousing cheer rang through the house at its close. Then the bride cut the cake and slipped away to make ready for her bridal journey—tossing her bouquet, which was caught by Miss Shaughnessy. The guests found a "bride's book" in the library, and put their names therein, and exchanged compliments, and greeted the Montreal and New York friends who had come in numbers to witness the marriage. Presently the bride and groom appeared and made their way to their carriage, smothered in clouds of confetti, which filled the air. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy also slipped away to speed them on their honeymoon, sending them to Buffalo in his own private car, the Manitoba, which was also made beautiful with roses. Mrs. Ross went away in a dainty grey gown and quiet hat to match, and it was the universal verdict that a sweeter bride was never stolen from Toronto by Montreal, which city has the unkind habit of picking out our most charming girls and making off with them under the orange blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Ross have gone abroad for their wedding tour, sailing on the "Oceanic." I am told. There was such an array of gifts as might be expected from the wealth, taste and importance of the connections and friends of both sides of the house, and an upper room and landing were filled with sumptuous gifts. A lovely filigree gold and pearl collar from Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craigleith; a grand cabinet of silver from Mr. Wilmot Matthews, the bride's brother; a set of Royal Dresden bouillon cups in silver stands, every sort and beauty of silver portrait frames, salvers in silver, and trifles for the bride's own use in gold and jewels, pictures, rare books, antiques and moderns in glass, exquisite gold candleabra with crystal shafts, French jeweled mirrors, one exquisite mirror in a frame of tortoiseshell and silver, gifts large and small, each with some distinctive beauty, bewildered the admiring guests and made the philosopher remark, "To her that hath shall be given," which was immediately answered by one of Mrs. Ross's many "girl-lovers" by "She deserves it all!" Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. Ross and the lovely mother of the groom, Mrs. Ross, who wore a splendid gown of deep opalescent panne velvet touched with lace and sable, and a pretty toque of white lace and sable. Mrs. Hoar, Mrs. De Witt, Mrs. Chambers and Miss Kerr, her sisters, of Kingston, New York, each exquisitely gowned and coiffed; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph of Montreal, Mrs. Joseph in a pretty grey gown with white lace and large black picture hat; Mrs. Willie Hope, looking lovely in white lace; Lady Shaughnessy wore a charming black gown, crepe de chine enriched with lace, a black chapeau, and carried a posy of violets; Mrs. Porteous wore pale grey, with white lace and a white tulle chapeau; Miss Porteous was in white and looked very well; Miss Drury of Kingston, Ont., also wore white; Mrs. Reeves wore a lovely embroidered black grenadine over white, a flight of swallows being the design, with a pretty black chapeau; Mrs. Drinkwater, who came with her daughter, Mrs. Timmerman, was a very distingue lady in a handsome gown. Miss Estelle Holland was very sweet and pretty in a charming hat and frock. As for the Toronto guests, it is needless to say they were smart to a degree, and included all of the notable people who are not just now unhappily prevented from going out by sad bereavement. As each guest left, the butler handed them dainty little peau-de-soie boxes of wedding-cake, with initials M. R. in gold in one corner. A very happy family group at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. James Grace and their beautiful little five-year-old daughter, whose gift to the bride was a silver gold-lined flower bowl, with gold screen.

The following gentlemen were invited to dine at Government House on Wednesday, January 20th: Sir William P. Howland, P.C., C.B., K.C.M.G., Rev. Dr. Chown, Mr. Barber, Mr. Lee, Lieut.-Colonel Francis Leys, Mr. Little, Mr. Loughrin, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Alexander Lumsden, Mr. Malcolm, Lieut.-Colonel Matheson, Major Miscampbell, Mr. Monteith, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Munro, Mr. McDiarmid, Mr. McDonald, Dr. Angus McKay, M.P.P.'s, Rev. Dr. McLaren, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, K.C., Mr. William McKee, Mr. John McLaughlin, Mr. Pardee, Mr. Pardo, Mr. Pattullo, Mr. Pettipiece, Captain Powell, Mr. Preston, Dr. Pyne, Mr. James Reid, M.P.P.'s, Major Robertson, 48th Highlanders, Major Myles, Toronto Field Battery, Mr. James, Mr. Bastedo, Mr. William Reid, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Robson, Mr. Russell, Mr. John Smith, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Trux, Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Wardell, M.P.P.'s.

On Wednesday evening the people of St. Andrew's gave a most hearty and delightful reception to their pastor, Dr. Armstrong Black, and his sweet wife. The guests of honor were escorted to the meeting-room in the annex to the church, and found it transformed by draperies, rugs and handsome furnishings into a cosy and attractive drawing-room. There were gathered the pillars of the congregation, with a bevy of sweet young girls in caps and aprons, who afterwards served the supper-tables upstairs, and there Mrs. Black was presented with a fine bouquet of American Beauty roses, one pretty lady pinning an extra fine bloom upon the corsage of the minister's lady, with a loving word. This is the first experience of Dr. and Mrs. Black of a spontaneous tribute of this form, as the reception idea is purely "American," but there was no mistaking the spirit

of loyal admiration and esteem which prompted the gathering of Wednesday night, and it must have been a grateful tribute to the two whose many gifts of heart, head and person have endeared them to their people.

A very pretty tea tempted many women to brave the icy weather last Monday and enjoy an hour at Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie's home in upper Huron street. The hostess and her sister, Miss Field, are two of the most attractive and charming of Toronto's nice women, and as popular as pretty. The party of young matrons and maids who assisted in the tea-room were of the smartest; Mrs. Walker, nee Newbigging, Miss Arthur Murray, Mrs. R. Capreol, Mrs. Heaton, Miss Amy Dupont, Miss Maud Barwick, Miss Hay and Miss Brouse were the attendants. A large pyramid of crimson roses and foliage centered the tea-table. A bright and pretty little matron, Mrs. Shirley Denison, was in the drawing-room with the hostess. A few of the guests were Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. and the Misses Lampert, Mrs. Jim Ince, Mrs. James Bain, Mrs. L. Capreol, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Hay and Mrs. Alfred Wright.

Mrs. Walter Andrews gave a charming impromptu tea on Tuesday at "Whispers" in honor of some of the visiting Montrealers who were up for the Ross-Matthews wedding. The hostess received in her pleasant informal manner, and the guests sat a while in the billiard-room, where a huge wood fire burned in the beautiful fireplace, and where the smart people from New York and Montreal were warmly greeted by their Toronto friends. Tea was set upon that shining mahogany in the dining-room, on which so many good dinners have been served, and pretty girls waited upon the ladies. Mrs. James Ross was the guest, par excellence, and looked very well. The traditional mother-in-law will never have a stronger contrast than our bride of Wednesday will find in this noble-looking and delightful lady, whose smile is very sunshine. Mrs. Chambers, her young son, Master Donald, and Mrs. Hoar were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews. Mrs. Hoar afterwards went to the groom, Mann's, where Mrs. De Garmo, a cousin of the groom, was stopping. A tea at "Whispers" is not complete without the presence of the pretty silver-haired grandmamma, Mrs. Smithette, who is always so bright and happy.

Dinners were given by Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craigleith, and Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Matthews took her guests, the young folks of the bridal party, to Florodora in the evening. On Thursday Mrs. James Grace gave a luncheon for the visitors at McConkey's, and on Friday Mrs. Mann, I hear, invited them for tea. Mrs. Dickson Patterson asked some friends to meet Mrs. Porteous on Thursday, on which afternoon Miss Rutherford also gave a tea in honor of some of the Eastern contingent. Other affairs were also hastily arranged for the very popular people from Montreal and elsewhere. There are six sisters Kerr, the only one not present at their nephew's wedding being Mrs. Wallace of Birmingham, England, whom, I fancy, the bride and groom will visit while on their wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson gave a couple of very pretty dinner parties recently in their artistic home. Mrs. Patterson is a delightful hostess, whose quiet cordiality contrasts beautifully with the fussy anxiety of some good ladies about the comfort of their guests. The young English bride of last year is making many warm friends in Toronto. I believe Mrs. Patterson is going down to Ottawa for the Opening on the thirteenth.

Mrs. Herrick Duggan was a smart guest at the wedding with her beautiful hostess, Mrs. George Evans of Holme House. A former Torontonians, Mrs. Fisk, was very elegantly gowned in white satin and lace, with a lovely white hat. Miss Vivien Williams, who is so much admired, was exceedingly smart in a fawn crepe frock and pastel blue hat with roses.

Mrs. Mulock, who left town on Wednesday to settle in her Ottawa house for the session, took with her Miss Evelyn Falconbridge, on a visit. Mrs. Mulock did not get away so soon as intended, having some doing up of her Toronto home to supervise to leave it in apple-pie order for Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Jr., who will occupy it during her absence. Mrs. W. Mulock will receive there as usual on the first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Herbert Greene gave a very pleasant seven-hand euchre last Monday afternoon. Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Jack Nesbitt of Hamilton, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mrs. James Foy, Mrs. Jack Drynan and Mrs. Crawford Scadding won the prizes. A very pretty tea-table done in white and pink with hyacinths and tulips was daintily set with all the dainties.

Honors were easy in regard to the florists' efforts to make Wednesday's wedding a record of floral beauty, for while to Dunlop was given the important task of constructing the bouquets, the glorification of the house was turned over to Tidy. "Each man took the whole thirteen tricks," remarked a whist fiend yet at large.

Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa have been spending a pleasant little visit with Major and Mrs. Septimus Denison in Wolseley Barracks, London. The Colonel had to attend a reception on Friday in London. They returned home on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins are going to England this spring. Miss Augusta Hodgins has been there for some time. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. Waldie of Rosedale will occupy their house while Glenhurst is under renovation.

"Quelle chose a suivre" in the form of another engagement was whispered at the wedding reception on Wednesday, and I understand its announcement will not be long in coming.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall entertain at dinner next Thursday evening. Dinner guests at various smart houses will afterwards rendezvous at Chudleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Porteous, their son and daughter, and Mr. Charles Kerr, uncle of the bridegroom, were up for Wednesday's festivities.

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We have just received a large import order of bleached and unbleached sponges, which, in conjunction with our usual large stock, makes our supply of these goods most complete.

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Social and Personal.

The following account of the Young Bachelors' dance has been sent to this column. With the exception of mention of the absence of Mrs. G. W. Ross, the chief patroness, through indisposition, and the omission of what was one of the prettiest of sights, the huge round table at which the patronesses, their gallant young escorts and some honored guests supped, I think it is much more detailed than I could give; therefore I accept it with acknowledgments. The Young Bachelors are some of our brightest young men in business life in Toronto—typical clever young Canadians. Nothing was lacking in the splendid arrangements made by the energetic young bachelors, and all who enjoyed their hospitality voted their dance a huge success. The affair was held in McConkey's ballroom and the Turkish Room, and several other charming places were thrown open for those who preferred to sit out. A delicious supper was served in the cafe about midnight at quartette tables. The patronesses of this event were Mesdames G. W. Ross, Robert Wilson, Benjamin Kent, Taylor, Ivey, Davies, Warwick and Watson, and all these ladies wore handsome gowns. Pretty girls in dainty gowns seemed almost endless at this dance, and all enjoyed the hospitality of the young bachelors to the full. The committee in charge were Messrs. Glasgow, Mathew, Wheaton, Gillies, Vaston, Husband, Cameron, Mitchell, Hodgins and Forrest. Among those present were Miss Kate Ross, in a most becoming red gown; Miss Margaret Boeckh, in white lace over white taffeta; Miss Nellie Blackburn, in white organdie, with touches of black, and Miss Greenless, in black chiffon over black taffeta; Miss George McDonald looked very pretty in black sequins over black taffeta, as also did Miss Lillian Kent, in a lovely white gown. Three much-admired strangers were Misses McEachern, Gregory and Williams of Collingwood, all in black gowns. Miss Olive Hodgins was much admired in white silk, with touches of blue, as also was Miss Bruce Fraser, in blue and white silk over blue taffeta. Misses Muriel Turner, Kathleen Miles and Alma Parsons all wore dainty white dresses. Miss Daisy Foster wore blue, as also did Miss Barrett. Miss Winnie Eastwood looked well in a pretty black and gold gown. Others present were Misses Daisy Ashley, Elma Marriott, Maimie Stone, Olive Bilton, Mabel Howe, Gertrude Wheeler, Louie Davies, Effie Smith, and Messrs. Tom Fahey, Tom Kelly, George Wheeler, Harry Ross, Lawlor, Cooke, Galbraith, Sutherland, Bertram, Prentice, Marriott, Philpott, Stewart, Bryan, Ireland, Harmer, Darrell, Livingston, Morphy, Hillborn, Alley, Lindsay, McBeth, and many others.

Friends of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam will read with interest of the success of his clever Canadian pupil, M. Paul Savage, who at the musicale given by Madame la Comtesse Rene de Coetlogon achieved a great success in singing the compositions for baritone of M. F. B. Schlesinger. Among the smart Parisians who heard the singer were the Count and Countess de Beaufort, the Countess de Lyon, the Prince and Princess de Ruecia, the Countess de Kessler, the Princess de Bourbon, the Countess de Raste, the Baron de Ziegler, and many others of prominence.

I am requested to announce that the committee of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society have arranged to open a subscription list at W. Tyrrell & Co.'s, No. 8 King street west, for the convenience of the public, where those desirous of applying for tickets for the At Home to be held at Osgoode Hall on February 7 may leave their names and addresses. For the convenience of the legal profession Mr. Alexander McGregor, the Clerk in Chambers, has consented to open a subscription list at Osgoode Hall. The price of tickets has been fixed at \$3 for ladies and \$2 for gentlemen.

The many friends of Miss Barbara Day of Cowan avenue, Parkdale, will be pleased to learn that she is now convalescent, after a successful operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont., where she will be a prisoner for the next few weeks. Miss Laura Day of Cowan avenue, Parkdale, will spend the next few weeks visiting with her brother in London, Ont.

Miss Mattie Small of 705 Spadina avenue was a guest at Belgrave House, Port Hope, last week.

On Wednesday evening the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Miles, Ossington avenue, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when their eldest daughter, Miss Elizabeth J. (Lillie) Miles, was married to Mr. T. H. Durham by Rev. Dr. Briggs. The bride carried a large bouquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley, and wore a beautiful gown of white crepe de chine, with transparent yoke and trimmings of silk applique. She was given away by her father. Miss Ada Ivey Miles was bridesmaid; she wore pale blue silk grenadine, trimmed with white point d'esprit, and carried a bouquet of bridesmaid roses. Mr. Thomas P. Adams was best man. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Quale, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Clarke, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Hunt, Thorold; Mr. and Mrs. C. McClure, Sharon, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Willocks, Hammond, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. W. and C. Cook, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. C. Scribner, Penfield, N. Y.; Mrs. and Miss Savage, Weston; Miss M. Gully, Hamilton; Mrs. L. V. Merritt, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. and Miss Mason, Bowmanville; Mr. and Mrs. C. Robinson, Newark, N.J.; Miss Kate Hunt, Thorold; Mr. and Mrs. T. Jackson, New Toronto, and others. Among the many lovely gifts received by the bride was a gold watch, suitably engraved, from the groom. The employees of the Methodist Book Room presented the groom with a beautiful marble and gold inlaid clock. After the wedding breakfast to about fifty guests, the happy couple left for the West.

Mrs. Harry Duggan, who has been so long seriously ill and under hospital treatment, was able to return to her home last week, and is now convalescent.

Mr. George Meagher went down to the Capital last week, and has been the cynosure of all eyes at the rink during his stay. He was the guest of His Ex-

cellency Lord Minto in town during his visit, and had the honor of initiating Lady Minto into the mysteries of some new fancy figures in the art in which she is so proficient. I came across the following lines, which were dedicated to Mr. Meagher in Switzerland as the world's champion figure-skater some seasons ago:

(Dedicated at Davos-Platz, Switzerland.)

Behold "The Champion of the World" appear;
Equipped his feet with blades of gleaming steel.
As Hermes light, he of the winged heel,
Or graceful as Apollo Belvedere,
He skims the glistening surface of the Mere.
Swift as across the tarn the startled teal,
His noiseless flight he circles wheel on wheel,
Smooth and exact as the revolving sphere.

In sable garb upon the water frore,
Is this we see a disembodied shade,
Hither escaped from the Stygian shore;
Or creature of a more ethereal mould
From some remotest planet earthward strayed
And by terrestrial matter uncontrolled?

Mrs. G. W. Johnson gave a pleasant tea on Thursday at her residence, 572 Jarvis street.

The University College conversation, which is to be held on Wednesday, February 5, is daily becoming a more live topic of conversation in social circles. The committee report that this year's "conversat." will be the most successful in the history of the college. The programme promises to be of great interest and of a unique academic character, in keeping with the halls of learning in which the function is to be held. The faculty and senior students are preparing interesting exhibits in the Department of Natural Science, Physics, Chemistry and Psychology, which will be shown in different rooms throughout the building during the early portion of the evening. Five short illustrated addresses will be delivered by members of the faculty, chiefly on subjects of art. The dancing, which of course still remains the main feature of the evening, has been carefully provided for. The two convocation halls will be given up to dancing, and with first-class orchestras supplying the music the young people are assured a delightful evening. The number of tickets is strictly limited. They are now on sale at Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, or at the janitor's office, in the main University building.

At St. Monica's School last Friday evening Professor Clark gave his enjoyable lecture upon "The Ancient Mariner" to a large and appreciative audience, consisting of pupils and their friends. His clear explanation of the allegorical meaning was both interesting and instructive. In reply to a motion of thanks by Canon MacNab, the reverend professor said that he was delighted to have an opportunity of addressing the pupils of St. Monica's and of congratulating Miss Philpotts upon the success of the school. After the lecture, refreshments were served and a pleasant social hour was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Giles of Hazelton avenue gave a progressive euchre on Tuesday evening, at which they entertained Alderman and Mrs. Harvey Hall, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Husband, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John Highton, Mr. and Mrs. S. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Birrell, Mr. and Mrs. Spears, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Peck, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Bromell, Miss Barlett, Miss Giles, Miss Birdie Giles, Miss H. Putnam and Mr. Frank Burkholder. A very pleasant evening was spent. The prize-winners were Mrs. Bromell and Mr. Peck.

Miss Muriel Stark, Sherbourne street, was the young hostess of a euchre party on Monday evening. She was attended in a lovely old-rose frock, with rich cream applique, and was assisted by her mother, who wore a handsome gown of black point d'esprit, relieved by pink. After the game, dainty refreshments were served, and the rooms were cleared for dancing, which was kept up until the early hours. The young people were all congenial friends, so smiles and laughter were the order of the evening. Some of those present were Miss Ethel Lovell, Miss Rae Fuller, Miss Mina Fischer, Miss Edith Thompson, Miss Ashley Dunnet, Miss Jennie Stoddard, Miss Millicamp, Messrs. Harry Livingston, Bert Reid, Blake McKenzie, Hunter, Copp, Harcourt, Darrell, Murray, Watson, Fahey, and others.

On Wednesday, January 15, Mrs. G. Charles Ross (nee Stanley) gave an informal At Home at the residence of her mother, Mrs. E. Stanley, 39 Wood street, to a large number of her friends. Mrs. Ross will receive on the second Friday.

Mrs. George H. Gooderham and family have left for Nassau, Bahamas.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May and their son left last week to spend the remainder of the winter in Southern California.

A meeting of more than ordinary interest to women took place Thursday afternoon, January 23, at the residence of Mrs. George A. Cox, Sherbourne street, at which full reports of all that had been done in the matter of establishing a women's hospital were read. Lady Taylor, honorary president of the Women's Hospital Committee, presided. It was decided to have the city divided into districts and a collector appointed for each one, so that each woman and as many men as are interested in the matter may have the opportunity of contributing twenty-five cents or more. It is hoped that every woman will contribute at least one brick in the form of twenty-five cents. The collecting is to commence the first Monday in February. A public meeting was held in the theater of the Education Department on Thursday, January 30, at 8 o'clock, at which a number of prominent men gave addresses.

The funniest little nigger ever seen on a Toronto stage is what ought to be the headline at Shea's this week, and there is also an exceedingly smart comedienne, who is never loud nor vulgar, in Miss Nugent. A particular interest attached to the Tuesday evening performance, as the Wellington's were

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They last a lifetime and only cost
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birthmarks, Eruptive Veins, etc., removed forever by Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send 10 cents for our elegant new 35-page Rhododendron covered book, "A Study of Your Face and Figure," and sample of cream.

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to occupy the lower boxes on the north side when they arrived from Winnipeg. The boxes were draped in scarlet and white, and a mysterious huge box exhaled floral suggestions of a delicate aromatic perfume. Mr. Rutter and the team arrived when the little nigger was being very funny, and it was the most comical sight to observe his puzzled glance as a salvo of applause rattled from an observant group of box-holders vis-a-vis to the reserved boxes. However, he soon caught on, and demanded three cheers for the Wellingtons, after which the house was his to a unit. The boys found a splendid sheaf of scarlet and white carnations in the big box, which they enjoyed until the last act and flung to the nearest beauty of the Gainsborough Octette, who conscientiously refrained from pausing in the act to claim them and saw them annexed by the "next" lady in the most artless but successful manner. A look can sometimes speak volumes, and such a look went from one duchess to another right then. Among the audience were Mrs. Stratton and her reception party, Major and Mrs. Williams, Miss Williams and Captain Straubenzie, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill and a bright party of young folks, Major Myles, Miss Enid Wornum, Mrs. McIntyre, and many others.

Arrangements are completed for the Toronto Engineers' dance, to be held in their armory, University Gymnasium, February 7. This dance, given by so popular a corps, is sure to be one of the smart functions of the winter term around Varsity. The presence of prominent military men in uniform will add much to the brilliancy of the social gathering.

Miss Florence Cosbie has returned home after a most enjoyable visit in Rochester and Buffalo, as her father was leaving for Europe. Mr. Cosbie sailed from New York last Wednesday.

Mrs. S. F. McKinnon has given several pleasant affairs for her young and married friends, who have bidden her farewell for a time, as she and Mr. McKinnon will spend some months in a warmer climate and in travel. On Thursday of last week a perfectly charming luncheon of fourteen covers was the excuse for gathering together a pretty lot of young girls and two or three matrons. The gracefully arranged table was banked down the center from end to end with a forest of Marguerites of great size and beauty, with touches of color in-

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Your grocer sells it or can easily get it for you.

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should wear a Crompton Straight Front Bias Cut and Gored Corset—unapproached for reducing the abdomen.
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sang an eminent poet. Ladies who value this greatest glory of woman, luxuriant hair, should use
THE ROSE HAIR GROWER
Does not grease the hair—makes it thick and long—fluffy and puffy—cures dandruff—delightfully soothing in its application. At drug stores, or prepaid to any address on receipt of price (\$1.50) by
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Ladies are respectfully invited to call and inspect a choice selection of seasonable Millinery, Evening and Reception Gowns a specialty.

roduced with tulle and ribbons. Each guest had a posy of pink sweet peas. The guest of honor was Miss Sintzel of Hamilton, fiancée of Mr. McKinnon's nephew, Mr. J. S. McKinnon, and another fiancée of another nephew, Mr. Will McKinnon of Guelph, was among the girl guests. Miss Sintzel is a lovely girl, and has a very bright and pretty manner and voice. On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon entertained at dinner, the number of guests again being fourteen. On Monday Mrs. McKinnon gave an informal tea to a number of ladies, who will miss her bright and kindly hospitalities while she is away from town.
Phonetics.
A fellow who hunted the gnu
Was asked: "What on earth would you gnu
If the savages tried
To catch you for your hied?"
And he answered: "I'd kill off a gnu."
—Baltimore "American."

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CHAPTER XXII.

Which Tells How the House Was Explored.

I did not repeat to Roger what the imaginary voice had whispered, for I knew that not only would he be careful never to give me a true explanation of what I had heard, but would probably take steps to prevent my finding out for myself, as it now occurred to me that I might do.

Roger's own words about the "nest he had prepared for the bird" had put the thought into my head; for the whisper I had fancied as an answer to his speech suggested another more subtle reason for his occupation of the house for some time. Somebody, somebody who had been here, perhaps, the name of Ermytrude; somebody who might tell me more than Roger chose to tell without a bribe.

I said no more about trying to learn the secret in "another way," though such an idea was taking form in my mind; and so deeply was I absorbed in my own thoughts that I was only conscious that he spoke, until suddenly his raised voice, evidently repeating a question that had been asked before, brought me to myself.

"Sheila, why don't you answer me?" he was saying.

I turned my eyes slowly to his face. "I was thinking," I replied.

"Were you thinking over what I have just said to you? Do you understand that I mean when I tell you that by to-morrow I expect to have the special license for which I have applied? The sooner we are married the better it will be for every reason; for, you see, it was a bold stroke, having you brought to this house. If I had not been so sure I was right, so sure that I could bring you round to my way of thinking, I wouldn't have done it. But there was no other course possible. Sheila, will you marry me to-morrow?"

"If I say no, neither to-morrow nor on any other morrow to come, what then?" I asked, rather with a desire for information as to Roger's intentions towards me than in open defiance.

"What then? I would rather not trust myself to tell you what then. You may ask Miss Leigh. She will explain." "I am not sure that I care to see her again, after the way in which she tricked me," I said. "If I chose to leave this house, now, without—"

"That is the one thing I can't, for your own sake, allow you to do," Roger cut me short, "until I have at least your solemn promise that you will be my wife. Can't you see—young as you are, aren't you woman of the world enough to see that marriage with me is the only thing left to you, Sheila? Blame me for what I have done, if you will, but it was all through love of you. And in any event it's too late to think of that now. You and I must be man and wife."

He caught my hands, but I wrenched them away from him. "I think I will talk to Miss Leigh, as you call her," I hastily said. "And I would like to see her now—this very moment—alone, without you."

Roger had offered to let me speak with "Miss Leigh," and though he did not appear well pleased at having been finally taken at his word, he did not attempt to repudiate it. "Miss Leigh shall come to you here," he said.

Crossing the room, he pulled an old-fashioned bell-rope. A far away jangling followed, and presently a grim-faced woman who had brought my breakfast knocked at the door. She was abruptly commanded to "send Miss Leigh," and it was not long before my travelling companion of last night appeared.

"I will leave you together," said Roger. "But before going, perhaps I had better make it clear that Sheila wishes you to explain why it has now become absolutely imperative that she should marry me." As he spoke he was at the door, and an instant later it had closed behind him.

"I should have thought that, to a young woman of your intelligence, such explanations were unnecessary," said the woman in black. "But I can give them in a few words. Already, it seems, you have afforded your friends and enemies great cause for gossip. Sir Roger Cope has often said the chances of a marriage with you are very slim, and he is obliged to use rather strong measures to accomplish his purpose, and if you do not fall in with his way of thinking, instead of matters being improved, they will have been made far worse. You are at his house; everyone knows that it is his house; the servants and others know that you have been here since last evening—that you came willingly. What will become of you if, after all this, you refuse to marry him?"

"So this is what he preferred to have you explain!" I exclaimed. "I don't wonder that even Roger Cope hesitated to say it himself."

"It may not be pleasant to hear, but it is the truth. I gave you very good advice when I brought you to the door of this room an hour ago. I am sorry that you don't seem to have remembered it very well, but it is not too late yet. As I said then, you have everything to lose, or everything to gain. Money, two charming houses, the ability to help your relatives (who from accounts I have heard need all the help that can be given them), an enviable position in society, with past indiscretions forgotten. All this you have, on the one hand; on the other—but perhaps that picture is best left to your imagination."

For a moment I did not speak. Then I said, shortly: "Please call Sir Roger back again."

He was summoned, and presently appeared, the woman in black meanwhile asking no questions, though her gypsy face expressed curiosity as to my intentions.

"Has Miss Leigh's eloquence been

more fortunate than mine, in persuading you that there's only one course open?" Roger asked.

"She has shown me that all others are difficult," I answered. "Still, if I were to decide at once, I should say: 'No, I cannot marry you.' That's my impulse now, but if you will give me your word of honor to go away from here—back to London or to Arrish Mell Court, whichever you choose—for two days, I will stop and think the matter carefully over. Miss Leigh can give me as much good advice as you wish, and I may change my mind."

Roger shrugged his shoulders. "The longer you stay here the less easy will be for you to decide against me," he said; "so I suppose I shall be wise to give you your own way. But we will compromise matters. I'll go and come back to-morrow—with the special license of which I told you."

"Very well, then, to-morrow," I assented. "But you must go now."

"If you look out of this window—or one in your own room—in fifteen minutes from now, you will see me driving away from the house."

"With one of the new carriages, and the new livery you have bought with Lady Cope's money," it was the tip of my tongue to say. But I kept the words back.

For once, Roger was true to his word. Whether he meant to leave the neighborhood or not, I had no means of knowing; but at least he drove away from the house, with a small portmanteau ostentatiously placed where I would be sure to see it.

I knew that he had not attempted to put me upon parole as a prisoner because he was sure that I should not be able to evade the guard he had doubtless set upon my movements. But I was glad that he had not tried to exact a promise, because, as soon as I had made a desperate effort to discover the secret which I had begun to believe might be hidden in this house, I intended to make an equally desperate bid for freedom.

Perhaps I had not been taken for my interview with Roger into the room with the three portraits, no inkling of the idea which now so keenly excited me might ever have come into my head. But there had been Sir Vincent Cope, with Sintra Leigh, and the man who so marvelously resembled her. All three pictures had apparently been painted at about the same time, for certain mannerisms suggested that they were the work of the same artist, and the frames with which they were set into the wall were identical in detail. This suggested that Sintra Leigh and her double (a twin brother, my fancy already said) were closely connected with the Cope family either by ties of blood or peculiarly intimate friendship.

Sintra Leigh had on her arm the heart-shaped scar, which seemed to me to be the secret incarnate. Here she was, in the house where her portrait as a young girl had been preserved for so many years. But where was the original of the third portrait? Could it be that he was also under this roof? Was it his voice that had cried the name of Ermytrude in the night, before he had again been hurried away into obscurity?

If it were true that such a man was voluntarily or involuntarily a guest in the house which had once been Sir Vincent Cope's, apparently his presence was to be kept a secret from me. Sintra Leigh had I was certain, lied when I questioned her concerning the strange sounds in the night. Therefore something was to be hidden from me, and it was natural to suppose that the something had to do with the secret. Roger knew the secret, and did not wish me to know it; and for this reason, as much as any other, it seemed worth while to make some sacrifice and run some risks for the sake of even one chance out of a hundred that I might stumble upon it.

Sintra Leigh and I had a large, pleasant dining-room to ourselves, save for the old butler, who had admitted us to the house last night. Once I ventured to ask whether she had known this place for long, but she evaded the question, and I did not think it prudent to raise suspicion by pressing her. When we had finished and left the dining-room, I heard the door bell which presently brought the butler. Instantly I guessed that the butler had been instructed to do this, for the windows opened on to the lawn, and it would be easy enough for anyone who wished to walk out of the house.

The stealthy sound reminded me of the test I had intended to apply, and I asked Sintra Leigh if she would take me through some of the principal rooms. "If I decide to marry Sir Roger Cope," I remarked, rather flippantly, "this will be my house, as you impressed upon me last night; and naturally I should like to know something of the bargain I may be making."

"You shall see the whole house if you wish," said the woman in black.

We were in the great hall with the ugly pillars when I made the request, and Sintra Leigh rang a bell which presently brought the butler. "The keys of the rooms on this floor," she said; whereupon a bunch of large, old-fashioned keys was produced from a pocket and respectfully handed to her. "This is the way, then, of unobtrusively making me a prisoner," I thought; but I made no comment aloud, and only requested, with due meekness, that I might see the rooms on higher floors as well. Miss Leigh announced that the other keys which might be needed were in her own possession; and forthwith we began an inspection of the rooms on the ground floor. "The house is so large and there are so few persons in it at present," my companion deigned to explain, "that Sir Roger considers it more prudent to keep the unused rooms locked, except when they are wanted."

Still I made no comment, but I thought that I understood.

We visited a number of handsome rooms, all furnished in the style of long ago, and I simulated more interest than I really felt. The place had, it is true, a certain charm of association for me because it had been Sir Vincent Cope's; and as my adopted mother had been a cousin of the man she married, I doubted not that she had been in this house, though Arrish Mell Court had remained her home.

At last we went upstairs, each door having been locked as we left the room to which it belonged; and here my interest quickened, as in a childish game of hide and seek, when the players cry "warm" or "cold" to each other.

If there were in the house a man whose presence was to be concealed, it was probable that his rooms were on one of the upper floors, and each closed door that we reached might be hiding a mystery.

On the first floor some doors were locked, others stood open, as I had noticed last night on my arrival. But I soon satisfied myself that the rooms which were not secured against intrusion offered no facilities for escape, even to a courageous and determined person. Their windows without exception looked out upon a courtyard, from which evidently there was no means of egress, save by returning through the house. As for my own room, anyone attempting to escape by the windows would have to descend into a moat, which was half full of water, carpeted with the flat green leaves and waxen buds of lilies.

My zeal for exploration apparently knew no bounds, for I did not pass a single door without begging to see what was on the other side; and with a weary air of resignation, the woman in black each time granted my request. After I had seen everything on the first floor, I asked to visit the second. Sintra Leigh offered no objection, save a sigh; and again the exploration was exhaustive.

"Now there are only the third floor and the two towers left," I remarked at last.

"I hardly think that the third floor will interest you," said my companion. "The servants sleep there. And as for the towers, they have been used for a long time as places to store all sort of rubbish which will accumulate in old houses as generation after generation passes."

Nevertheless, if there's a chance of my being mistress here, everything should be of interest to me," I returned; and with another sigh Miss Leigh preceded me upstairs.

She threw open door after door, and as she had prophesied, the tour of inspection became more than ever dull. I glanced into the servants' rooms, not because I wished in the least to see them, but because I wanted to be sure that they really were what they purported to be. The part of the house occupied by the servants was in a separate wing, but the remaining portion of the third floor was not much superior in its attractions, at all events to my preoccupied mind. At last, however, the woman in black attempted rather hastily to pass a door without opening it.

"What room is that?" I promptly demanded.

"I believe that Sir Roger Cope gave the late tenants the privilege of leaving a few things in the house for a time, until it should be more convenient to remove them," she explained, with an air of complete indifference. "They are kept in that room, and Sir Roger has the key. Now, if you like, we will go on to the towers. There is rather a good view from the windows, but I warn you that there is nothing else you will care for."

As she spoke she walked away from the door of which Sir Roger was supposed to have the key, and I did not attempt to detain her. I thought that at last I had found out what I wanted to know; for I did not believe that the room behind the locked door was sacred to the belongings of departed tenants. I said to myself that there, if anywhere, lurked the Secret.

We visited the towers, which gave a wide view of the County of Dorsetshire towards Bournemouth, with a far-distant glimpse of the sea; and then Sintra Leigh reminded me that, unless I wished to visit the kitchen and servants' hall, I had done all that there was to do. I did not wish to see the domain she mentioned, and consented to go down with her to the drawing-room for tea.

I was glad that the hours were passing, for I knew that I must wait for night before attempting that which it was in my mind to do.

I asked if it would be convenient to have dinner at seven, as I was very tired, and would be glad to go to bed early, by way of making up for lack of sleep the night before. This was easy.

A Good Change.

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

The wrong food and drink cause a lot of trouble in this world. To change the food is the first duty of every person who is troubled by indigestion, nervous troubles, or any other ailment. A lady in Hickman Mills, Mo., has, with her husband, been brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with them. They began using Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

She says: "For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel troubles, which kept getting worse until I was very ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began taking Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me."

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food in addition to my Postum Coffee. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength, until now the nervous trouble has entirely disappeared, and I feel that I owe my life and health to Postum and Grape-Nuts."

"Husband is 73 years old, and he was troubled for a long time with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. He stood out for a long time, but after he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He was satisfied, and has never had coffee since."

"I have a brother in California who has been using Postum for several years; his whole family use it also because they have had such good results from it."

to arrange, Sintra Leigh responded; and in consequence of my request we dined at the hour I had named. Afterwards we had coffee in the room where Roger and I had talked in the morning, as (the woman in black explained) it was more cheerful in the evening than the huge drawing-room.

During the scene with Roger my nerves had been keyed high with excitement; my eyes had fallen on the three portraits by the curtained door through which he had entered, and after that I had observed few details. But now that Sintra Leigh and I sat together at leisure, I saw something which I had not seen before—something that roused my interest and curiosity to the highest pitch.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Room With the Locked Door.

In a corner of the room was a screen, quaintly painted in imitation of Watteau; and from behind the screen was visible an old-fashioned escritoire. From where I sat I could only see it in part, but the design was familiar to me, and I was sure, now I came to see it, that it was either the escritoire which had stood in the octagon room at Arrish Mell Court, or else one exactly like it. I wondered very much whether Roger (who owned the escritoire in common with everything else that had been Lady Cope's) had really attached enough value to the old piece of furniture to transplant it here, and, if so, what had been the underlying motive.

I said nothing of all that was in my thoughts to Sintra Leigh, however; and as a French clock on the mantel softly chimed the half-hour after nine, I rose, announcing that I would like to go to bed.

My companion received the proposal with unconcealed relief; and indeed, for the past hour, since we had left the dinner-table, our conversation had been the reverse of lively.

She went with me as far as the door of my bedroom, pointing out her own door further down the hall. "I showed you which was my room during your tour of inspection this afternoon," she said, "but I will remind you now, in case you should need anything in the night. Not that you are likely to lie awake, I trust. Compose your mind with the resolve to do as your best friend, Roger Cope, desires, and you will sleep peacefully enough."

"This is certainly not a bad place to be mistress of," I answered, diplomatically. A moment more and I was alone. Still, there was nothing to do save to wait until the house should be quiet for the night. As to what should happen after that, my ideas were vague, but all my thoughts turned toward the Secret.

There was no clock in the room, but I had wound and set the watch which had come back from the pawnbroker's, and when it told half-past ten I looked out into the corridor. It was still lighted, but very dimly. The gas had been lowered since I came to my bedroom, and a faint yellow star, shining through the glass globe, redeemed the passage from darkness.

For a few moments I listened, but there was not a sound to be heard. Evidently the house had gone to sleep for the night, and if I could hope to do anything, I might as well make the attempt now as later.

I took a candle in a tall silver stick from my mantel, and a box of matches, but I did not mean to light the candle unless it were needed. Without a light, I might hide in the shadows, in case of a sudden alarm, while with it I should at once become a conspicuous figure for prying eyes.

At last I reached the corridor until I reached the stairs, and then I cautiously ascended the two flights which lay between my floor and the third story. Now and again a board squeaked under my slippers, and I stopped, with a beating heart, peering fearfully into the dusk. But the noise had only seemed loud in my own fears; no one else had heard, and no door opened to frame a peeping face.

At last I reached the third floor, which was also the highest. Here also there was a faint light, and I could see in the distance the door of which Roger Cope was said to keep the key. So far, everything had been easy—far easier than I dared to hope it would be in the end. I decided that I would go to the door and knock very softly. If I was answered by a voice from the other side, I should feel that my theory regarding last night was correct.

Suddenly, as I tiptoed towards the door, it seemed to me that I heard someone speak. My heart gave a great bound, and, involuntarily, I shrank into the thick shadow of a great old-fashioned clothes-press which stood halfway down the hall. Hardly had I crouched into the corner when the door opened, and a bright light shone out from inside, silhouetting the tall black figure of Sintra Leigh against a yellow background.

In crossing the threshold she turned and looked back, speaking to someone in the room. "I will bring it to you in less than ten minutes," she said, in an ordinary tone, without trace of agitation. She took a step forward, but a faint murmur from the person unseen caused her again to pause. I could not hear the question, if question it was, but her answer reached me distinctly. "I cannot help that. After what happened last night, it is your own fault. But though the door must be locked after this, for the next night or two at all events, when you are left alone, you are no longer a prisoner. As soon as you are well enough, if you choose to leave this house, and there is any other place where you would rather live, you have only to say so. I came here for your sake alone. And everything I have done since coming has been for your sake. It appears to me that you are very well off here. But we will talk about it again when I have brought you the wine."

She closed the door, and once more the corridor was dim. But I could see that she was bending down, and I could hear the fitting of a key into a lock. If I could escape her sharp eyes, in my dark, but otherwise sadly insecure hiding-place, after all this seeming contempt might work out for good. Evidently the key of this door was not in Roger Cope's possession, but in Sintra Leigh's. Now, if she would only leave it in the lock! Was it possible that she would do so?

For an instant she appeared to hesitate. I could guess what was in her thoughts. She was wondering whether there could be the smallest imprudence in letting the key remain where it was for the few moments of her intended absence. Before I could have counted twelve she had decided that she might safely trust it there, and, turning the key round with a faint grating noise, she hurried away.

My only hope of escaping her quick eyes lay in the sheltering shadow of the big clothes-press as I stood huddled into the angle it made in the wall, and the fact that the woman had no suspicion of my nearness. Probably she would have locked me into my room if she had not disliked proceeding to extreme measures by removing the key from the inside. Or perhaps she had felt confident that, after the alarm of the preceding night, I would not dream of venturing out after dark. She had reason to be secure in the knowledge that I could not leave the house, and she might have reflected that vague curiosity alone was not a strong enough motive to lure me from safety.

These thoughts darted through my head as she came nearer, and gave me hope. Fortunately, she carried no candle, and she had just come from a room brightly lighted, so that the darkness must have appeared more dense to her than it did to me.

I was half afraid that she might hear my heart beating, or the rustle of my gown as it rose and fell with the throbbing of my bosom, for the sound was loud in my own ears. I hardly dared look at her as she approached, lest my eyes should attract hers with some subtle magnetism, yet I could not force myself to turn them from the tall, swiftly advancing figure.

It was all over, however, in less than a minute, and she had gone by without even glancing towards the clothes-press. The sense of relief was so great when she had actually passed, that I grew giddy, almost faint. But there was no time for analyzing my own sensations. Not a second was to be lost if I meant to do the daring thing which had presented itself as an allurements to my mind.

The woman in black had said that she would be away less than ten minutes. I might, then, count on at least five clear minutes in which to work.

Peering out from my hiding-place, I only waited until Sintra Leigh's head had disappeared down the well of the staircase. Then I flew to the door of the room she had left, and unlocked it. I was too much excited now to be afraid, or I might have hesitated in dread of what I should see on the other side. But I did not hesitate. I turned the key and opened the door without knocking.

What I saw was a commonplace, comfortably furnished bedroom. A large reading-lamp stood on a table near a huge canopied bed, and in the bed, supported by banked-up pillows, reclined a man.

The first glance told me that he was the original of the third portrait in the library downstairs, and I felt far less surprise at this discovery than I should have seen a strange face.

He had a book in his wasted hand, but at the sound of the opening door he looked up, fixing two great, startled eyes, set like topazes in deep hollows, upon the unexpected visitor.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, in a voice as like Sintra Leigh's as his face was like hers.

I gave him the answer that sprang into my mind and insisted on utterance. "Hush!" I said, with my finger to my lips. "I am Ermytrude's daughter, and I've come to you for help and justice."

The features, worn and altered by years and suffering since the portrait had been painted, changed and paled in the light of the green-shaded reading-lamp. "Ermytrude's daughter!" he echoed. "Ermytrude had no daughter."

"She adopted a daughter," I went on, hastily. "I heard you call on her name last night, and I couldn't rest till I found you. I loved her dearly, and she loved me, too. There are so many things you could tell me, if you would; and perhaps I could tell you some things that you would care to hear, if only you'd listen."

"For Heaven's sake, then, tell me how she is," the man cried.

"She is dead. Didn't you know?" I answered, with awe in my heart.

He fell back among the pillows, groaning, his hands, thin and yellow as claws, hiding his face.

For an instant I had forgotten that at almost any moment the woman might break in upon us; but now I remembered, with a shock. I ran to the bed and bent over the man who lay there.

"—things that have been kept from you, perhaps," I said. "Do you wish to hear them?"

"Yes, yes!" he moaned.

"There isn't time to tell you now, for we are liable to be interrupted. Is Sintra Leigh your sister?"

The man looked me in the face once more and nodded, without speaking.

"She wished to keep us apart. When I asked that this room to-day she said that it was a store-place and Sir Roger Cope kept the key. When she comes back, if she finds me here, she will send me away. She is stronger than I, and she can call the servants to aid her if she chooses; I can't resist. But if you will do as I ask, I will run whatever risk there may be in displeasing her. I've shut the door, and the key

is outside, where she put it a few moments ago. When she comes back, she will think that she must have failed to lock the door, or perhaps she will turn the key round and not know that it has been tampered with. If I hide in this room, so that I can talk to you when she has gone away again, will you promise to keep the secret?"

"Yes," the man answered. "She has tricked me, and she deserves to be tricked in return."

I could not be sure whether or no he would keep his word. But I determined to take the risk. At worst, Sintra Leigh would hardly dare to kill me,

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whatever might be her desire for revenge should she find me out.
"Hut!" the man's voice broke into my thoughts. "I heard something in the distance. She's on her way back."
Without a word I flew to the window nearest. It was covered with heavy curtains that had been drawn together and fell in straight folds to the floor. Behind them I found that the window was partly open, to let in the mild air of the June night. If the curtains moved, Sintra Leigh might think that they were stirred by the breeze. There was a deep embrasure, and, gathering my skirt closely about me, I knew that, unless the woman in black should be seized by a whim or I was betrayed by her brother, I stood in no immediate danger of discovery.

The curtains had scarcely ceased to quiver after being drawn into place by me, when I heard the door open. I half expected Sintra Leigh's first words to be an expression of surprise at finding the door unlocked, but, instead, she began quietly to speak about a bottle of port which she had fetched from downstairs. No doubt she had done what I had suggested—turned the key without becoming aware that someone had been before her.

"It was so dark in the passage to-night that I stumbled at the top of the stairs," she said, "and almost dropped the wine."
"I heard a sound," replied her brother.

"Now, you are to drink this," the woman went on, "and I am sure that you will have no return or the dreams which troubled you last night. We cannot have any more such disturbances, especially while we are guests in this house. There! You feel better already, I am certain."
"I think I do," answered the weary voice from the bed. "I hope I may sleep to-night. Thank you for bringing me the wine. You might as well go now; I shall need nothing more."

"I should be glad to stay with you longer if you cared to have me. But, of course, if you think you can sleep that will be best."

"At least I shall try. And somehow I think that to-night I shall succeed better than before—better than I have for a very long time."
"Shall I close the window?" asked the woman in black.
"I held my breath. Would the man remember that my window was the one which had been opened? And would he still be true?"

"No, no," he rejoined, rather irritably. "You know that I like fresh air."

"Good-night, then. And remember that the bell beside your bed has now been made to connect with my room. You have only to ring. It would have been better if you had not forgotten that last night."

"I lost my head last night, I admit," was the reply. "It shan't happen again. I promise you. But, for Heaven's sake, don't lock me in. The thought of being unable to get out is enough to drive me mad."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Sintra Leigh, impatiently. "You might ask that, with a better grace, if you had not lost control of yourself and alarmed the house last night. I must lock the door. But ring if your nerves get the better of you again, and I will come."

I had listened eagerly to this discussion, for I divined that the invalid's request had been as much with a view to my convenience as his own. But I was hardly disappointed that his appeal should have been in vain. When I had learnt the secret—if he could be induced to tell it—I must make the best of the situation I had created for myself. At all events, this game that I was bent on playing was more than worth the candle it would cost. And sufficient for the hour was the evil thereof!

She went out and closed the door, locking it with a certain ostentatiousness. At the sound, despite my resolution, I felt a slight sinking of the heart. For it was not pleasant to think of being shut up for an indefinite period with that ghastly-faced, hollow-eyed creature, who might be—probably was—to a certain extent a madman. But I had chosen; and I must now abide by my decision.

I waited until I was sure that the woman in black must be out of hearing, and then I stepped from between the curtains.
(To be continued.)

Books and Their Makers.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. In his seventieth year, and blind, has accomplished no small task—and accomplished it in no mean fashion. His new long poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal" (Toronto: William Briggs), occupies, together with illustrations, some two hundred and odd pages, but, except to those who are frankly without taste for metrical literature, this somewhat long-drawn tale will not prove in the least tiresome. For, throughout, it is richly and orientally musical, like Sir Edwin's other long poems, while unlike "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World," it is full of strenuous action and strange adventure. "The Voyage of Ithobal" purports to tell the story of an early Columbus—a sea captain of Tyre, who, in the service of one of Egypt's Pharaohs and guided to his task by a supernatural agency, circumnavigated the Dark

A Straight Shot

Brought About by Accident.

A lady who accidentally began eating Grape-Nuts and quickly discovered the strength that she gained, felt disposed to write regarding the food. She says: "Grape-Nuts has done so much for me. When I came out of school I was broken down in health from overwork and nervousness. Every summer during the hot weather I have been practically exhausted and generally have lost five pounds or over.
"Quite by accident I began using Grape-Nuts, and thought I liked it very much at first, but the taste grew on me so much that I am extravagantly fond of it. I ate it all last summer and was surprised to find that I kept up with plenty of strength, my nerve force increased, and I lost no flesh.
"I know exactly what has sustained me, for I have made no change in my way of living except to take on Grape-Nuts. I never tire of it. I always use it with cold cream in summer and warm cream in winter. This is a straightforward, honest letter, and I trust it will be of service to you." Lucy J. Rowen, Cedar Falls, Ia.



"S-say, F Fido, have you s-seen my h-hat anywhere?"

Continent, from east to west, bringing back to the court at Neith tales marvelous and many of all he and his mariners had seen and endured. In the recital, modern geographical names and localities, facts adduced by explorers and scientists of recent date and fame, are introduced under antique masks, and the effect of the whole is decidedly novel. The style of the poem may be judged from the following extracts—recounting how Ithobal doubled the Cape of Good Hope:

Thus, Lord,
All those five hundred leagues of unseen sea
In forty days thy galleys overpassed.
Till, sailing free, a light air from the north,
Daylight just dim, we see the unending coast
Break to the right, away, far, far away;
Ahead no land at all. The wide sea rolls
Steadfastly westward, in long hills and dunes,
So that with steep ascent we climb, to glide
By slope as steep into the trough of blue.
The strong swell helps the wind to waft us on
Till there was brought abreast a wall of cliff
Dark-hued, three hundred cubits tall—a peak
Pointing each flank. O Pharaoh! now I know
That rocky ramp with its twin peaks on guard
Was of all Africa her utmost earth;
Was back-gate of the World; was where to turn—
If the Gods willed—to find a homeward way
And come alive out of that neither death.
The clouds,
Gathering tumultuous o'er the distant ridge,
Stood and let out a blast from forth the West
Full in our faces, driving down the swell,
Tearing its grey crests off in seething spray.
And with the wind the hail—great stones of ice—
That pelted decks and scourged the smothering sea.
And beat the billows flat, bringing again
A new fierce turmoil of such waves as seemed
Each one a ruin. All our sails were furled;
Deck-hatches shut; fast-sealed the rowing ports.
While only two banks of Thalamites in turn
Strained blades to keep us heading. If we broached
The seas must come aboard, the o'erwhelmed craft
Must founder. Never saw thy servant yet
A deadlier run of breakers: by his name
Who dwells in Ascalon, I did not hope
To view another sun; but—more cheer—
Myself I seized the steering oar and held
As best I might the Silver Dove to the wind.
Surely we had been lost, when Nestsia plucked
My sleeve, and pointed where aboard his ram
Good Hanno showed us safety. Not in vain
Summers and winters long on the Mid Sea
The salt had bleached his hair; the savage deep
Taught him his secrets. Axe in hand he cut
His mast and gear away; lashed round the wreck
His anchor rope, and, casting overboard,
Had veered the raffle forward through the waves.
And, making fast on the stem-head, he rode
Secure by this sea anchor, whose defence
Broke the rough brine and kept the galling ship
Steadfast to windward. We, too, likewise did
Cutting away our mast and launching it
With sail and gear and rigging over side;
Till, like the Ram, at cable's end the Dove
Hung, plunging to the angry wash, sore tossed,
But saved. Thus did we drift the wild night through,
And all a dismal day, and that next night,
Till morning brought us peace, with promise fair
Of easy shelter; since a spacious bay
Opened its green arms for us to the left;
Where, to, hacking away our wreck, we stood,
Much laboring, for the sea ran strong.

"The Lion's Whelp," by Amelia E. Barr (William Briggs, Toronto), is a strong story of the time of Cromwell, from the Battle of Dunbar until the death of the Protector. A couple of love stories run through the book, but they are barely sufficient to keep up the sentimental interest of the reader who takes no pleasure in the historical phases of the narrative. No doubt a very correct impression is given of both the Stuarts and the Puritans, and the details covered is more distinctly peopled with living characters than ever before. Those who sympathize with the Stuarts and are wont to recall the woes of Catholic Ireland under the Protectorate, may very well avoid "The Lion's Whelp," for it will be unpleasant company. The dissensions amongst the Roundheads appear to have been not only numerous, but malignant, and the picture of Cromwell's death at the end of a period of triumph and power, broken-hearted, despairing of the success of his son, yet devoutly, mystically, gloriously imbued with a belief in the sovereignty of God and the triumph of the saints, is a magnificent climax.

"The Portion of Labor," Mary E. Wilkins' last book, published in Toronto by William Briggs, is a story which has strong attraction noticeable in all this writer's tales—a distinct local color. The heroine is an unusual little one, with quaint, matter-of-fact ways of being romantic, with great powers of repression even as a child, and with that capacity for self-immolation which is characteristic of some of the middle class and working women of the Republic to the south. The ins and outs of factory life—a shoe factory—with the sombre continuance and its gradual rosation beginning of Ellen's career, its sombre continuance and its gradual rosation beginning of Ellen's career, its sombre continuance and its gradual rosation beginning of Ellen's career, are full of interest. Ellen is a child of the people, of a boisterous mother and a quiet, overborne father, who idolize her.

Her life presents her early the choice between self and filial duty, and in the wonderful way of the woman swayed by high impulses she chooses self-renunciation and sticks to it. All the types in the story are excellently faithful and the sentiments naturally and truly set forth. The small worries, the pathos of the lives of sordid labor, the tragedies brought about by the uncurbed and ignorant impulses of the poor men and women whose lives are laid bare, all make the interest of the book intensely human. One feels that one has been in very common company, also that there isn't such a tremendous gulf between the masses and the classes as when the lives and hopes and fears and feelings of the former are understood. The ins and outs of "strike-dom" also interest, and the settlement of the difficulty involves no Utopian or violent ideas. Miss Wilkins has written a very interesting if somewhat verbose story of the working folk of a typical town of the crude and stirring sort so often seen in the United States. Its keynote is sounded in the reflection of the father of Ellen: "He seemed to see that labor is not alone for itself, nor for what it accomplishes of the tasks of the world, nor for its equivalent in silver and gold, nor even for the end of human happiness and love, but for the growth in character of the laborer."

Nearly Starved to Death.

Mrs. James Bradley of Smith's Cove, Digby County, N.S., relates a most interesting story of starvation and suffering which she has been called on to endure for the last nine years. She had Dyspepsia and was treated by all the best doctors within her reach, but without receiving any benefit—indeed, without securing even the slightest relief from the pain and distress which tortured her.

Her only escape from the pain of Dyspepsia was found in a starvation system of dieting, which reduced her bodily strength till she was as weak as a child. She says:
"No tongue can tell what I have suffered. I cannot describe it. I had to starve myself, and had given up all hope of ever having anything to help me."

She saw an advertisement of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and commenced a treatment of this remedy, with the result that she was relieved almost immediately. Encouraged by this she continued till she had used nearly six boxes. She is completely cured, and says:
"I am thankful to be able to say that I am altogether cured. I can eat anything I fancy without the slightest fear of distress or pain afterwards, and can sleep comfortably, something I never expected to be able to do again in this world. It was a wonderful cure, and I advise all who suffer as I did to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, for they are the best remedy ever discovered in the world. I wish I could tell every Dyspeptic sufferer what Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done for me."

Building for The Ages.

To illustrate the slow and painful evolution of social progress, Olive Schreiner, in a recent article, uses the figure of cathedral-building. She says:
"He who to-day looks at some great Gothic cathedral in its final form seems to be looking at that which might have been the dream of some single soul of genius, who, waking in the morning, found the dream a reality. But in truth its origin was far otherwise. Ages elapsed from the time the first rough stone was laid as a foundation till the last spire and pinnacle were shaped, and the hand which laid the foundation-stone was never the same as that which set the last stone upon the coping. Generations succeeded one another, laboring at gargoyles, rose-window and shaft, and died, leaving the work to others; the first master-builder who drew up the first rough outline passed away and was succeeded by others, and the details of the work as completed bore but faint resemblance to the work as devised; it was not so easy; nevertheless, that last stone would not be his, and that the building in its full beauty and strength he should never see. But for the journeyman laborer who carried on his stones, and month by month toiled, carving at his own little gargoyle or shaping the traceries in his little oriel window, without any vision of what the whole would be when completed, it was not so easy; nevertheless, it was through the conscientious labors of such alone, through their heaps of chipped and spoiled stones, their half failures and almost blind successes, that at the last the pile could be reared in its strength and beauty."

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Curious Bits of News.

A train of twelve refrigerator cars, carrying nothing but eggs—about two millions of them—recently made the run from Newton, Kansas, to San Francisco.

One of the most remarkable clubs of modern times has its headquarters in Alameda, California. It is known as the "Old Men's Singing Club," no one being admitted to it who has not the gift of song and who has not passed at least his sixty-fifth birthday. The club has 101 members, with an aggregate age of 6,666 years.

The great Simplon tunnel under the Alps from the valley of the Rhone into Italy is about half finished, and it is now believed that it will be ready for traffic within two and a half years. Its cost will be \$14,000,000, and this enormous expense has been incurred to shorten the road between Paris and Milan only 50 miles and to save grades of fifteen hundred feet. The length of the completed tunnel will exceed twelve miles.

An editorial writer with a taste for statistics has given to this waiting world a statement in which women may feel some interest. He declares that he recently stood in a crowded thoroughfare of a large city and listened to "scraps of conversation" of fifty women who passed him. Of these fifty women, four were talking about cooking and recipes; seven, about babies; twelve were discussing men and love affairs; and from the lips of twenty-seven ripped remarks about clothes.

Miss Ellene Jaqua, a well-known vocalist of Brooklyn, N.Y., is the first person to possess a glass gown which can actually be worn and not once only. It is of spun glass, made in Dresden, Germany, and was modelled and cut in Paris. At the Chicago Exposition in '93 there was a glass dress exhibited, which became the property of the Infanta Eulalie, but it was only for show and could not be worn. A full description of Miss Jaqua's glass gown is given in the "Strand Magazine" for February.

The Chicago "Tribune's" record of legal executions and lynchings in the United States in 1901 shows that 118 persons were executed and 135 were lynched. Of those executed 71 were negroes, and of those lynched, 107. The executions were one fewer than in 1900, and the lynchings were 20 more. It is noticeable that of the lynchings only 39 were for murder and 19 for criminal assault, leaving a remainder of 77 persons lynched for minor crimes. It is noticeable also that the number of lynchings in the Northern States increased from 8 in 1900 to 14 in 1901.

Chief Engineer Emil Prillwitz of the North German Lloyd steamship "Kronprinz Wilhelm," is experimenting with a new arrangement which he has placed in the ship for use in case of a collision. A small wheel about the pilot-house is turned, and instantly hydraulic pressure closes twenty watertight doors in the lower part of the ship, making sixteen water-tight compartments. The fact that all the doors are closed is instantly shown on an electric dial, on which the numbers of the doors and their location are printed. The sixteen water-tight rooms are more than enough to float the vessel in case any part of her hull is punctured. The experiments show that not more than two minutes is required to render the "Kronprinz Wilhelm" unsinkable.

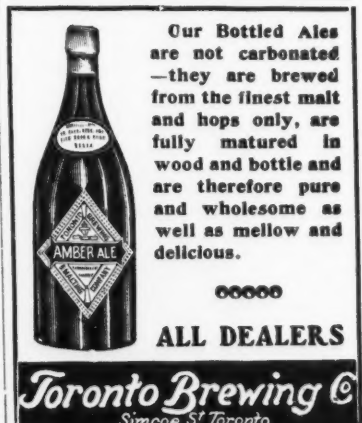
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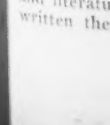
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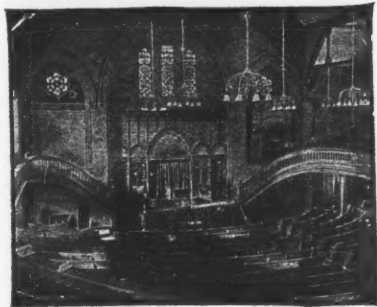


A Tour of the Churches

No. 11.
How the Casual Visitor is Impressed
BY "DON."

Rev. W. W. Weeks.

It was chilly last Sunday night, the air raw and heavy with threatening rain, and everything felt icy underfoot except the pools of water which lay along the sidewalks—the sort of night one blesses the Sunday street cars, and finds them full. When I got off at the corner of Bloor and Spadina I slipped and shivered when I thought of the Walmer Road Baptist Church, for "road" sounds like the country, and the walking was abominable. However, a block to the west and one to the north brought me to one of the prettiest and brightest churches in the city: the dark red of the brick walls of the interior, unbroken by the yellow cubes affected as ornaments in some edifices, is pleasant to the eye. The capacious seats are unupholstered, the aisles unbroken, and one finds a sense of roominess lacking in those churches where the pews seem almost piled on top of one another without space for ingress, egress, or for one's knees or overcoat. An equally commodious gallery surrounds the church, at either end opening upon the platform, thus affording ample



egress, and the steps by the pulpit in time of a crowd affording additional sitting room. The small but sweet-toned organ is at the head of the gallery to the left of the speaker, and, as there is no choir, the congregational singing being led by the notes of a cornet, music is evidently made a side issue. A little reading-table in front of the baptistry, a couple of bunches of electric light, are all the ornaments about the platform. The clerk of the church, that rarity, a pious printer, who volunteered to lend me the cut illustrating the auditorium, told me there were seats for 1,540 people, and despite the weather considerably over three-quarters of them were filled.

Hymn-books are distributed at the door, the selections alphabetically arranged, so the stranger need have no trouble finding the place, and this distribution seems to bear with it the quiet intimation that everyone is expected to sing. Long announcements are rendered unnecessary by the distribution of a pretty little calendar welcoming the visitor and describing the numerous meetings of the week. On this calendar, the legend, "W. W. Weeks, pastor," is neither preceded nor followed by any reverent titles, though the number of his residence and that of his telephone are carefully set forth, perhaps with the kindly idea that someone in need of spiritual advice may think of communicating with him. A long list of the officers and committees of the church is also given, probably with the same hospitable idea. I have described these features somewhat fully, because they are rather unusual and seem to me good. The gentleman sitting beside the baptistry, and who proved to be Mr. Weeks, looked perfectly quiet and self-possessed, but had rather an odd fashion of continually scanning the gathering congregation, and every now and then seeming to welcome someone with his eyes. He is an active and well-built man, with a dark, clean-shaven face, and an unusually well shaped and well balanced head. Neither his face nor his name is seen much by the downtown public, but a gentleman who sometimes goes to hear him tells me that he has received very flattering invitations to go to larger cities and salaries, without being induced to leave the parish where he is doing much persistent and effective work. His reading of a portion of the 4th chapter of St. John was well done, no attempt at elocution being discernible, and indeed none was needed, for the earnest vivacity of his manner and his full, soft voice made the story of the woman of Samaria pleasant to the ear. The prayer that followed had in it the note of a man fully convinced of the sovereignty of God, and his reference to the evening's lesson had the effect of specializing his petition.



REV. W. W. WEEKS.

Taking the much-used text (St. John iv., 13 and 14), "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," he began by stating that he did not intend to deal with the grosser sins, such as those of the bar-room and the brothel, but rather with the material side of life, and those legitimate pursuits with which we seek to slake our thirst for something better than we have. Without doubt the gospel of St. John was written to establish the deity of Jesus, but at the same time nothing could display the human aspects of His character better than some of the occasional sidelights thrown upon Him in this narrative. He was weary with His journey and sat by the well to rest; He was hungry, and His disciples had gone into the city to buy meat; He was thirsty, and had asked the woman for a drink of water. Like Elisha, we look too much for the manifestation of God's "almightiness" in mighty upheavals of nature, and too little in the small things which daily declare His love and greatness; in His conversation with the woman of Samaria, Christ was as great as when He stilled the raging water with a word.

In his expository introduction the speaker pointed out with what infinite tact and gentleness Christ avoided any controversy with the woman convicted in her heart of sin. The Master had said nothing against Jacob or the well, and He would not argue as to whether the proper place to worship was "in this mountain" or in Jerusalem, simply saying, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father, . . . when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." With an unexpected broadness of view, Rev. Mr. Weeks deprecated any criticism of the legitimate waters from which people drink, and expressed the sentiment that it mattered not where a man worshipped, or the name of the denomination, so long as he worshipped in spirit and in truth. Christ did not attack the Jews in order to gain her allegiance, nor hold with the Samaritans to obtain her sympathy, but simply preached the unsatisfying nature of the waters from which she drank as compared with that "springing up into everlasting life."

Without a verbatim report it would be impossible to convey the literary charm of some of Rev. Mr. Weeks' carefully worded though simple phrases, and I shall attempt nothing but to follow his line of thought through a well-arranged and devoutly stated subject. "Satisfied," said he, is the word which describes the chord lost from Life since Eden. To be always less than satisfied is the fate of those who drink only from the cistern which materialism offers. "In the halls of our universities and colleges and places of learning, on the covers of the books of art and science and literature, from which we read and study, may well be written the first half of my text, 'Whosoever drinketh of

this water shall thirst again.' He urged the value of scholarship and the beauty of culture, and dwelt on the improved opportunities of being happy in oneself and useful to others resulting from study and a large store of information, but warned us that no matter how much we may ever learn we will all the time become thirstier to know more, and find to our sorrow that "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." . . . With eager intensity he passed on to the pursuit of gain, and declared that in all the chambers of commerce, and boards of trade, in all the banks and counting-houses and shops, in all the offices and stores, in all the markets where men follow the pursuit of commerce, the same text might well be written, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." He did not deny the propriety of a man trying to increase his property and provide financial plenty for himself and family—indeed, he thought that a man without such an impulse would be scarcely worthy the name of man—but it is notorious that the more money men make the greedier they are to add to their store. It is not the man with the modest competence who is most willing to sacrifice his own health and honor and the happiness of others to add to his wealth; it is the millionaire, the very rich man, who, having drunk from the salted waters of this unsatisfying cistern, shows the most burning desire to add still greater sums to his heaped-up hoardings. . . . Again: In the halls of fame, where the names of great men are written, where great deeds are heralded or sung, this motto might well be blazoned on the banners and the walls, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." It is a noble ambition to distinguish oneself among one's fellows, but no degree of glory will ever prove sufficient. Napoleon once wished to be a general in the army of France, and when a general would be a field-marshal, and when a field-marshal thirsted to be Emperor, and when the diadem of empire was being placed upon his brow his thirst was not slaked, and he burned to be master of Europe. When dying in St. Helena, in his illusions he was girding on his armor for one more trial for the mastery of the Continent. . . . On the curtains of the theaters, over the doors of ball-rooms, in every place of amusement, might also be displayed the warning of the text, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." He did not preach against amusements, for so much has been said both pro and con that he had no desire to add to the foolishness of it. Because a thing is pleasant it is not necessarily a sin. Pleasure was as necessary to human beings as food and drink, but should be surrounded with the limitations which Christ would place there. As a pursuit, as a means of assuaging our souls' thirst, all things, whether of learning, of gain, of fame or of pleasure, he assured us, are empty and unsatisfying, and to be filled one must turn to that water which He alone can give us, and after which we shall never thirst.

Taking up the second division of his subject, he spoke of the fountain that was Free—free, but not cheap. People too frequently confound these expressions; the fountain of life cannot be said to be cheap, for it cost the heartbreak of the Almighty and the blood of His dearly beloved Son. As illustrating this point, the speaker told of the slave boy who desired to be free and asked his master to fix the price of his liberty. For the thousand dollars necessary to procure freedom the slave toiled incessantly, nothing being too hard or menial for him to undertake that he might save a little money. At the end of five years he had only saved fifty dollars, and was in despair, when a man came to him and told him he was free. The bewildered slave asked if he could go North and do as he pleased. "Yes," "And not have to save any more money to pay my master?" "No," "And not give up the money I have made?" "No," "Well, ain't that cheap?" cried the overjoyed slave. The man told him that it was not cheap, that it had cost the blood and suffering of thousands and tens of thousands of men and the tears and heartbreaks of hundreds of thousands of others. . . . This fountain was not only free, but it was full, had enough for all. . . . It was transforming, and the marvelous changes that he had seen effected in those who had put their lips to the "water springing up into everlasting life" he would not attempt to describe. . . . It was accessible, for while frequently "thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep," in material affairs, the water of everlasting life has but to be asked for to be received. He remarked that it takes considerable money to obtain a modern education, and it requires money to make money, and much time and toil to obtain fame, and no slight expenditures to get into the courts of pleasure; it required neither labor nor wealth nor influence to reach the fountain from which having drunk we shall not thirst again. . . . We should drink of it not only to satisfy ourselves, but to satisfy the longing of God to see us satisfied and saved. The human soul was made large enough to hold Him, and nothing else would fill it. His love and longing it was our duty to satisfy, as well as our own, rather than, as is the habit of so many, to attempt to quiet their consciences by quibbling and beginning, like the woman of Samaria when convicted of sin, a theological argument as to which was the proper place of worship. God could not make us drink; that was one of the inexplicable impossibilities. The weakness, the foolishness, the ingratitude of such a suggestion, and an earnest plea for those feeling a thirst for the everlasting waters to make it known to him, concluded a sermon which was neither startlingly original nor profoundly deep, but reasonable, interesting and effective, and the eight baptisms which immediately followed made a proper and solemn conclusion to an earnest gospel sermon.

"Mah brother" occurred often in the address, and this soft Southern pronunciation of a possessive was the only peculiarity I noticed, and even it had a warmth which made it by no means unpleasant. One could hardly tell whether it was a softened English provincialism or whether Brother Weeks had unconsciously picked it up in the South or from some colored co-worker. In constructing his sermon—which was the work of a large, sane mind not afraid of an old or simple subject—and closely adhering to his outline, the speaker was a model of excellence. Too few preachers take into consideration the great aid that a careful arrangement of ideas is to the listener in the pew as well as to the man in the pulpit. I never take any notes till I get home, when I jot down the headings of what I have heard. Sometimes this is extremely difficult, and one has to write out the whole discourse or trust a fumbled mass to memory until the article is dictated. Last Sunday night after I had returned to my study I took some notes and was delighted to find how surprisingly easy Mr. Weeks' discourse fell into what seemed to me proper homiletical divisions. I reproduce the skeleton that suggested itself, and would suggest that the theological students of McMaster University might find very good practice in occasionally following Mr. Weeks' sermons, writing a skeleton, and submitting it to him for comparison with his own.

Text—John iv., 13-14.

Subject—"The cistern and the fountain."

Introduction, expository—Intention of gospel by John; Intention of sermon—Not grosser forms of sin. "Satisfied" Lost chord.

I. The Cistern—"If ye drink of these waters ye shall thirst again." (1) Learning. (2) Gain. (3) Fame. (4) Amusement.

II. The Fountain—"If ye drink, etc." . . . not thirst again. (1) Free—not cheap. (2) Full. (3) Transforming. (4) Accessible. (5) Satisfying (dogmatic).

Conclusion—Hortatory. "Accept it for His sake as well as your own." "Where to worship?" etc.

By the way, while cheerfully venturing, without his consent, on this proposition to increase the pastor's labor, I would suggest that another subdivision might have been added by Mr. Weeks in the first half of his discourse, covering the unsatisfying nature of "human love and friendship," something which would appeal to everyone in all congregations. Death, estrangement, ingratitude—many things make those who drink of that water "to thirst again." This, of course, would have included and touched those who had never greatly thirsted after learning, gain, fame, or popular amusements. In the second half something more definite might have been said with regard to those who profess to have drunk of the water of eternal life and yet do



LANDMARKS OF TORONTO.—NO. 5.
(Bailey, Butler to the "400.")

not appear to be satisfied, but even thirstier than the unsatisfied for the waters of the cistern. Of course they may only appear to have drunk at the fountain, but the explanation would be interesting and perhaps timely.

DON.

At Pohick.

I used to get disgruntled-like toward Pohick on the Crick. I thought that luck had served me an uncommon, low down trick;

I'd heard about how splendid European monarchs are, I longed to be a monarch, an' especially a Czar.

But now I'm gettin' wiser, an' I say it loud an' plain, That I like this ol' spring wagon better than an armored train;

An' this here faithful hat o' mine, whose brim is breakin' down, Gives me a heap more comfort than a fourteen-carat crown.

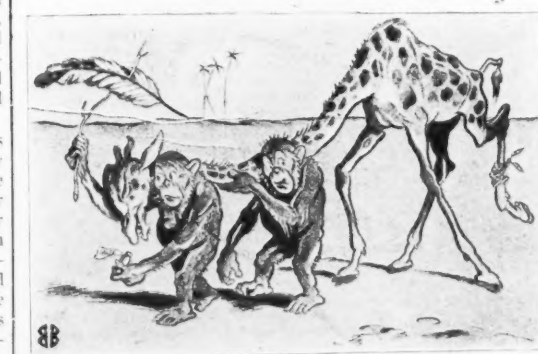
I'd hate to wear a suit o' mail; they've gone clean out o' style, It's tough to do your dressin' with a monkey-wrench an' a file.

An' when our new alarm clock hadn't been adjusted right An' went off unexpected, why I'd simply die o' fright.

An' them courtly ceremonies which a sovereign enjoys, They'd leave no time at all fur swappin' hosses with the boys.

Nor sittin' here upon the fence an' whittlin' of a stick—I bet the Czar 'ud like to live at Pohick on the Crick.

—Washington "Star."



The giraffe attends a class meeting and is helped home by two friends.—N.Y. "Life."

Dooley on Patrons of Art.

"WHEN a man gets hold iv a large haul iv neegotiable money wan iv th' first things he does iv dur to buy some art. Up t' th' time when th' top blew off th' stock market he bought his art out iv th' front window iv a news an' stationery shop, or had it put in be th' paperhanger. He took th' pa-pers that are a gr-reat help iv ye're collectin' art, an' he had some pitchers iv fruit that looks natural enough to ate, d'ye mind, a paintin' iv deer like the wan he shot at in th' Manitowish country in eighty-eight, an' a livin' likeness iv a Lake Superior whitefish on a silver plate. That was th' peeryod, mind ye, when th' iron dogs howled on his lawn, an' people come miles an' miles fr to see a grotto made out iv relics iv th' Chicago fire.

"Manetime his daughter was illustratin' suspensders an' illuminatin' china plates an' becomin' artistic, an' ather a while, when th' time come that he had to keep a man at th' dure to sweep out the small bills, she give him a good push to'd better things. Besides, his pardner down th' shreet had begun collectin' pitchers. He jumps on a boat an' goes straight across to the cintral deep. Th' first thing he gets is a portraith iv himself be wan iv th' gr-reat modhern masteers. An' ather awhile Higbie shows up an' says he to the painter: 'I'm Higbie iv th' Non-Adhesive Consolidated Glue Company,' he says. 'Can ye do me?' 'I can an' will. I'll do ye good. How much have ye got?' he says. 'Get some more an' come around,' he says.

"An' Higbie puts on his Prince Albert coat an' leaves it open so that ye can see his watch chain—th' crown iv Poland with th' Koh-i-noor on th' top iv it—an' the artist does him brown an' red. So Higbie's portraith is bung up in a gallery an' th' doctors brings people to see it that ar-re

sufferin' fr'm nervous dyspepsia to cheer them up. Higbie orders paintin' be th' ton, th' r-runnin'-foot, th' foot pound, th' carload. He instructs th' pitcher factories to wurruk night an' day till his artistic soul is satisfied. We follow his coorse in th' pa-pers. 'Th' cillybrated Gainsborough that niver wud be missed has been captured by Mistor Higbie, th' American millionaire. Th' price paid is said to be wan hundherd thousan' dollars. Th' pitcher ripsints a lady in a large hat fondlin' a cow. It is wan iv th' finest Gainsboroughs painted be th' Gainsborough Manu-facthrin' Compny iv Manchester.

"At th' las' public sale it was sold fr thirty dollars. Mistor Higbie has also purchased th' cillybrated Schmartz-meister Hobooma, wan iv th' mos' horrible examples iv this delighful painter's style. He is now negotiatin' with th' well-known dealer, Moosoo Mortheimer, fr th' intire output iv th' Barabazah School. Yisterdah in a call on th' genial dealer th' name iv th' cillybrated painter Mooney was mentioned. 'How many pitchers has he painted?' 'Four hundherd an' forty-three thousan' at illiven o'clock to-day,' says th' dealer. 'But four hundherd thousan' iv them ar-re in America.' 'Get th' r-rest iv them fr me,' says th' con-nysoor. 'What did ye say th' gentleman's name was?'

"An' when he comes home he hangs them in his house, so that his frinds can't turn around without takin' off a pasthral scene on their coats, an' he pastes th' price on th' frame, an' when he dies he laves his pitchers to some de-fenceless art museum. An' there ye ar-re."

In the Strenuous West.

THE first breaking up of the prairie is a difficult undertaking. The virgin soil is meshed with a sturdy grass that has a multitude of roots, and to force a small plow through it requires the combined efforts of five or six horses.

A pioneer and his son were thus engaged when a revivalist came that way. His earnest message appealed to the elder frontiersman and he finally found his way as a penitent to the altar. With unaccustomed joy in his heart he went forth the next morning to plow the stubborn glebe, and instead of addressing his animals with his usual shivering profanity he called out simply, "Get up."

To his vast astonishment, the horses, which hitherto had never failed him, refused utterly to budge. He jerked at the reins, hurled clods at them, and even belabored them with a long whip, but without avail.

"John," he sang out to his son, "something's the matter with my team. They've balked!"

John walked over to his father's plow, ripped out some staggering epithets from an unregenerate vocabulary, and away the team started with vigorous good-will.

That night the exhortations of the revivalist were exceptionally fervent, and even the frontiersman's impenitent son was visibly affected. Once he started up as if resolved to seek the mourners' bench, and at this the old man, who had been watching him anxiously, asked him to step outside for a moment.

"John," said the father, when they were out of the building, "I honor you for your evident desire this night to lead a Christian life—it's the right thing. John—but don't you think you had better postpone your conversion until we get that field plowed?"

A Parisian Duel.

VERY amusing is the story of the latest Parisian duel. Two rivals boxed each other's ears, and a mutual challenge to mortal combat followed. Accompanied by seconds and doctors, the foes, thirsting for each other's blood, drove out to the Bois early one very chilly morning. The spot was chosen, coats were doffed, swords measured, the referee said: "Go, gentlemen," and the fight began. But it soon dawned upon the seconds that the combatants were less determined with cold steel than they had been quick in gesture with the open hand. Both gallants exhibited an extraordinary circumspection in their play, and, after twenty-four resumptions of the battle, neither had received a scratch. It was already past one in the afternoon, the seconds were shivering, the doctors felt they were catching their death of cold, and there was no prospect of either combatant ever hitting the other. Suddenly one of the keepers of the Bois emerged from behind a tree, and exclaimed, crossly: "Look here, gentlemen, I have had enough of this. Here I have been for three hours looking at you two, and you are no further on with your fight than you were when you began. Now, duelling is illegal in this country. I don't mind winking at a duel for a reasonable time, but I can't go on allowing the law to be broken for three hours." Whereat foils were put up and the great combat was stopped, to the intense relief of every one, particularly the combatants.

Climates Made to Order.

THIS is certainly an extremely imperfect planet from the human point of view. There are all sorts of rough edges about it to be smoothed off by the art of the engineer. Wherever there is a neck of land, it is manifestly in the wrong place and man wants to cut it off; where there is no neck of land, he wants to make one.

The latest and most ambitious scheme of this kind, says the "Saturday Evening Post," is projected by some Canadian enthusiasts who want to make a dam, ten miles long and two hundred feet high, across the Straits of Belle Isle. Their idea is that, by cutting off the Arctic current that now sweeps through these straits and fills the Gulf of St. Lawrence with icebergs, they will secure a climate like that of France, which lies in the same latitude.

This plan, ambitious as it is, is hardly great enough. It might have some perceptible local effects, but they could not go very far. Even if the little slide current that goes through the straits were cut off, the huge Arctic stream that flows along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland and then turns southwestward, hugging the shore as far as Hatteras, would still be undisturbed, and that would settle the main climatic conditions of the north-eastern part of the continent. The promoter who wants to create a real revolution will look for some way to keep the Gulf Stream from shooting on across the Atlantic from Cape Hatteras. If he can make that stream crowd the Arctic current away from the coasts of the Middle States, New England and Canada, he will accomplish something really worth while.

Something About Kubelik.

JAN KUBELIK, the young Bohemian violinist, about whose playing London and New York have shown much enthusiasm, is the son of a market gardener of Michle, near Prague. Brought up in the simplest way, and given his first lessons in music by his father, the young man, now twenty-one years of age, has not had his admirable composure and equilibrium upset by the gifts of royalty, the adulation of the nobility, or the wild popular reception he has had everywhere he has played. On the Continent of Europe he has been for some time a favorite, and has received decorations and praise from the highest. In England, where he first played somewhat over a year ago, he was the fad. King Edward commanding him to play at Windsor Castle and again at Marlborough House. Among his possessions Kubelik has a genuine Stradivarius violin of 1603, presented to him by Mr. Walter Palmer, M.P., and another treasure which he values also most highly, a violin given him by Count Frederick Brosche of Austria.

Bedtime.

First Clubman—D'you know young Billy Robinson? Second Ditto (after a pause)—Billy Robinson? (pause). Yes. (pause). What's his name? First Clubman (long pause)—I dunno.—London "Out-look."

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Mutable Beauty.
THERE are fashions in beauty, just as there are in clothes and bills of fare.
Mrs. Patrick Campbell is said to have amazed her audiences in the United States with her extreme slenderness. Never had the American stage seen such a sylph-like form, such long, thin arms. Mrs. Campbell impressed me in a similar manner when I saw her in London, writes Gertrude Bonner. The play was "Pellias and Melisande," and she wore a dress of stiff gold material that fell straight from her neck to her feet, and in which she resembled nothing so much as an umbrella in its case. Fragile is not the word for her. Yet she is none of those delicate things that are indifferently described as "scraggy" or "bony." She is like a willow wand, and, in even dress, shows one of those delicate, white necks, boneless and smooth, though it appears not to have an ounce of fat on it, which are one of the great beauties of Englishwomen. She is one of those picturesque and interesting people that fat would completely destroy. Now, with her curveless, boneless figure, her cloudy, sensitive, black hair that comes nearly to her knees, her small, thin face, lit by a pair of brilliant eyes, she is altogether thrilling and harmonious.
Her type of beauty is particularly interesting, as it is a good example of the type now in vogue in England. There was a time when Mrs. Langtry was the perfect British beauty. Then the fashion was broad-shouldered, small-eyed, bright-haired, blue-eyed. The perfect Lily was as famous for her complexion of lilies and roses as for her shoulders, that looked as if carved out of ivory, and from which her throat rose, proud and round as a Greek column. All the world recognized her as the typically handsome Englishwoman, the flawless example of a class that had long been famous in many countries for many generations, and that seemed to balance so perfectly that it seemed "beautiful as an Englishwoman." It was the highest encomium he could give. This type, during the Langtry regime, was constantly repeated. All good-looking English girls were a sort of family resemblance to her. The professional beauties were curiously alike—large, proud, slim-eyed creatures, smooth, reposeful, pink-and-white.
But the Langtry type has ceased to exist as far as fashionable London is concerned. It is now the era of the lean woman, with a prodigious length of limb, a mass of loosely-rolled hair, and a Rossetti throat, moving gleefully in pale, unbelted draperies, with such a change of appearance could be effected is miraculous. Where the broad shoulders, the splendid neck, the muscular, nobly-molded figures of ten years back? Women can change the cut of their clothes at will, but how can they change the cut of their anatomies? And yet, they have done just this thing. Their shoulders have become narrow and slightly sloping, their throats more slender, their hips smaller, and their arms and legs elongated to an extent that suggests that bed, upon which the robber, Prometheus, used to stretch his victims until their toes touched the foot-board.
Philosophical observers say that the change is due to the influence of Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier. Each of these artists created a type which the nation eventually accepted as beautiful, and upon which all the women of the nation modeled themselves. It was a time before the people were educated up to the cult of the "long line," the low forehead, the deep hair and the square jaw. But in the end it conquered them, and began to impress itself on the national face and form. I am reading a novel the other day in which the extreme thinness of the women of fashion in London was remarked. "They keep so by will power," a young man replied. And this really seems to be the solution of the problem. Will power not only keeps them thin, but has changed their bony structures, the shape of their heads, the character

of their hair, and the length of their limbs.
Burne-Jones and Du Maurier are undoubtedly responsible for the vogue of this languid and lissome sylph. It was Oscar Wilde who professed to have made the discovery that, instead of Art Imitating Nature, Nature imitates Art. One of the proofs of his theory was the way the girls of England were growing like the girls of Burne-Jones, who had really more or less invented a new type of beauty. Never until Burne-Jones painted "The Golden Stairs" and "Venus's Mirror" did one see in England those pale, dreamy faces, with the thick, cloudy hair growing low on the wide brow, the innocent gray eyes, set very far apart, the square, slightly prominent jaw, the long neck, upon which the head drooped languidly. Nature had assimilated a new idea, and was reproducing it.
How can there be any question that fashions in beauty alter feature and figure? The ideal of the early Victorian era is as extinct as the dodo. Those hours, whose faces adorned the Books of Beauty our grandmothers delighted in, are gone into the limbo of the unknown with their tiny, Cupid's-bow mouths, their wide-opened, blue eyes, their drooping, silky ringlets, and their champagne-bottle shoulders. They were the ideal of their day—the ideal Bulwer had before his mental vision when he wrote "My Novel" and "The Caxtons;" that Thackeray saw when he created Rosie Mackenzie and Amelia; that Dickens tried to make us understand and love in Agnes Wickfield and Bella Wilfer. They look to us now "insipid as the queen upon a card."
A Modern Carol.
Oh, let us all be joyous
While we may.
Though the scientists annoy us
Every day.
For they agitate the topic
Of these creatures microscopic,
Till we're getting misanthropic,
Old and gray.
So now to drown our sorrow
Let us try,
Lest some microbe on the morrow
Should draw nigh.
Let the song and dancing thrill us,
Let's forget that a bacillus
Hopes with all his heart to kill us
By and by.
—Washington "Star."
Are Quick to See.
Good Doctors Are Quick to See and Appreciate Real Merit in New Medicines.
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a discovery of great value to the medical profession and the public. They are an unfailing specific in all cases of dyspepsia.

pepsia and everybody's digestion. Almost everybody's digestion is disordered more or less, and the commonest thing they do for it is to take some one of the many so-called blood purifiers, which in many cases are merely strong cathartics. Such things are not needed. If the organs are in a clogged condition, they need only a little help and they will right themselves. Cathartics irritate the sensitive linings of the stomach and bowels and often do more harm than good.
Purgings is not what is needed. The thing to do is to put the food in condition to be readily digested and assimilated. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do this perfectly. They partly digest what is eaten and give the stomach just the help it needs. They stimulate the secretion and excretion of the digestive fluids and relieve the congested condition of the glands and membranes. They put the whole digestive system in condition to do its work. When that is done you need take no more tablets, unless you eat what does not agree with you. Then take one or two tablets—give them needed help and you will have no trouble.
It's a common-sense medicine and a common-sense treatment, and it will cure every time. Not only cure the disease, but cure the cause. Goes about it in a perfectly sensible and scientific way.
We have testimonials enough to fill a book, but we don't publish many of them. However:
"Mrs. E. M. Faith of Byrd's Creek, Wis., says: 'I have taken all the Tablets I got of you and they have done their work well in my case, for I feel like a different person altogether. I don't doubt if I had not got them I should have been at rest by this time.'"
"H. E. Willard, Omslow, Ia., says: 'Mr. Willard of Canton was telling me of your Dyspepsia Tablets curing him of dyspepsia, from which he had suffered for eight years. As I am a sufferer myself, I wish you to send me a package by return mail.'"
"Phil Brooks, Detroit, Mich., says: 'Your dyspepsia cure has worked wonders in my case. I suffered for years from dyspepsia, but am now entirely cured and enjoy life as I never have before. I gladly recommend them.'"
It will cost 50c to find out just how much Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will help you. Try them—that's the best way to decide.
All druggists sell them. A little book on stomach diseases will be mailed free by addressing P. A. Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.
Defeated the Bicyclist.
"G O and hitch up the ostrich," is not at all an absurd command on an ostrich farm. There these great birds are often harnessed to a carriage, and make fairly good substitutes for horses. Although they cannot draw a heavy load, their speed is a recommendation.
At Jacksonville, Florida, there is a bird named Oliver W. that can run a mile in two minutes and twenty-two

seconds. His owners claim that he is more satisfactory than a horse because he eats less, never aches at anything, never runs away, and goes steadily at a good pace without laziness or fatigue. This particular ostrich appears to like his work. When the little carriage is brought out he comes running toward it at full speed, with both wings spread out, ready to have the harness put on.
On one occasion a cyclist tried to pass Oliver W. on a long, smooth stretch of road. He came up behind the carriage, thinking to get ahead and escape the dust. Oliver W. thought differently. He threw his head high in the air, gave a flap with his wings, and went forward with a speed that astonished the cyclist. Putting forth more effort, the latter made another attempt to pass the ostrich, but the faster the pedals of the bicycle moved the faster the long legs of the bird.
It so happened that the cyclist had a record as a fast rider, and to be displaced by an ostrich was not to his liking. For two miles he tried to pass his feathered rival, but was then obliged to give up the race, defeated.
Some fast horses have tried conclusions with Oliver W., who seems to like nothing better than testing their speed, starting slowly to make them think it easy to distance him, and then gradually increasing his pace.
Literature.
There was a man who wrote a book, And very well he needed it too; So then another man he went And wrote another book about The man that wrote the book.
But seeing this, another took The hint, and said: "I cannot brook That others only should succeed!" And so he wrote a lengthy screed About the man that wrote about the man that wrote the book.
To try to tell you all were vain, Because it is an endless chain. —William Wallace Whitlock, in "Smart Set."
Talking Dogs.
GOOD evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends is given in the following very human story told by a writer in the Boston "Herald."
"The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision was made for the comfort of domestic animals. One of these bitter nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and a little terrier, asking admission. In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were made welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure; but how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening, this time accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters of which he seemed to have knowledge. If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, the doubts were removed on the third night, when my three tramps returned, their number still further increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were at once amusing and pathetic. With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining-room grate; but their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways had insured for them

a welcome at our house as long as the cold wave lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more."
Are You an Appendicitis?
THE question that men in Kalamazoo ask each other is not, "Are you a Buffalo?" but, "Are you an Appendicitis?" The interrogatory is intended to elicit information as to whether the person addressed is a member in good standing of the Kalamazoo "Appendicitis Club." A person who has had his vermiform appendix removed, of course, is not presumed to be eligible to membership in this club. As medical and surgical science has never been able to discover any use for the vermiform appendix in man's anatomy, it is popularly understood that it was placed there principally for the benefit of the doctors. Many a poor but deserving young physician gets his start in practice by removing a man's vermiform appendix, and then removing a good portion of the man's estate afterward. The appendicitis in Kalamazoo, however, have played a sharp turn on the mercenary doctors. Too many of them wanted to get rich out of this "fifth wheel of man's anatomy." They have worked a corner in the appendicitis crop. Seven hundred persons have formed an organization to protect their collective vermiform appendices from the knives of mercenary surgeons, who desire to carve their way to fame and fortune in one short hour. The doctor who breaks into this vermiform combine—this community of intestinal interests—will have to accept the tariff of the association. There will be no more fancy fees for cutting out the vermiform appendix in Kalamazoo. The poor as well as the rich can have appendicitis in the famous celery town. Doctors and nurses will be paid reasonable fees from the funds of the club. The Kalamazoo idea is a good one, and likely to spread.
Is the Violet a Nun?
The Violet may be a nun,
But for all her veil and vows,
I've seen—shall I say with surprise?—
Rather more than the convent allows.
I've seen—shall I say with surprise?—
This novice of blossoms caressed,
And right under the abbess' eyes,
To a Bachelor's Buttons close pressed.
—CHARLES HENRY WEBB.
An Embarrassing Honor.
The obsequiousness of those who hope to advance themselves by being exceedingly polite to their superiors in office sometimes assumes an amusing aspect.
A certain head of a government department was invited, says a daily paper, to dine with others at a table with a cabinet minister. During the dinner the former, who happened to be placed between a door and a window, and had said nothing at all, began to sneeze.
"Are you taking cold, Mr. Brown?" asked the cabinet minister.
"I believe I have that honor and pleasure," answered Mr. Brown, bowing very respectfully.
Liver Troubles.
Life Full of Misery to Sufferers From This Trouble.
Its Symptoms Made Manifest by a Conted Tongue, Bad Breath, Bad Taste in the Mouth and Pains Extending to the Shoulders.
(From the Brockville "Recorder.")
Sufferers from liver troubles find life one of almost constant misery, growing worse and worse unless prompt steps and the proper remedy be taken to restore the organ to its natural condition. Mrs. Joseph Leclair of Brockville was such a sufferer, but has been, happily, released from the trouble by the only medicine known to thoroughly restore this important organ to its normal condition once disease has fastened upon it. To a reporter Mrs. Leclair willingly gave her story for publication. She said: "For a long time I suffered severely from complications of the liver and dyspepsia. I would awake in the morning with pains under my shoulders and in my stomach. My tongue was heavily coated, and I had a horrible taste in my mouth, especially on arising in the morning. I was constipated, and at times my head would ache so badly that I could scarcely let it rest on the pillow. There was such a burning sensation in my stomach at times that it felt as though there was a coal of fire in it. The pain was especially severe after eating, and for months my life was one of misery. A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did so. After using the first box, there was a material improvement, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured. My tongue was cleared, the bad taste left my mouth, the pains disappeared, and I am as well as ever I was. Before taking the pills I suffered from rheumatism at times, but it has never since troubled me. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who suffers as I did."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restore health and strength by making new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening every organ in the body. They do not act merely upon the symptoms, as ordinary medicines do, but go directly to the root of the trouble. In this way they cure such diseases as liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, heart troubles, sick headaches, anaemia, and the irregularities that make the lives of so many women one of constant misery. Do not be persuaded to take any substitute; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.
The Conqueror.
I clung to the feet of Fame
And she scorned to look at me,
So I rose and flung off my shame,
And lo! I was taller than she.
—F. V. LEWIS.
On His Own.
"While I was engaged to her she made me give up drinking, smoking and golf. Last of all, I gave up something on my own account." "What was that?" "The girl."—"Judge."

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Tanolin Toilet Soap
Dorling Brand.
Wholesale Depot—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

What Did the Fakir Do?
W ONDERFUL stories are told of the powers of the Hindu fakirs. Careful attention to their tricks has not discovered their secret with any certainty, but Captain James Parker, the English traveler, who has just returned from a tour of India, gives it as his belief that hypnotism is the means by which they accomplish their most startling illusions. One incident which he describes seems to bear out his view.
The trick which is acknowledged to be the greatest of these Hindu mystic performances, says Captain Parker, and the one that has been described by trustworthy persons too often to be doubted, is the one in which the fakir throws a ball of twine into the air above him, until it disappears from sight. The loose end of the string he holds in his hand, and after the boy assistant has climbed up the string until he, too, is out of sight, the fakir himself follows, with a knife between his teeth.
The spectators, surprised when both boy and man climb out of sight, are horrified when the boy's severed head, arms and legs, followed by the trunk, fall to the ground, and the man slides down close behind. Their astonishment is increased when the fakir gathers the severed members and restores the boy to life.
Well, I saw this performance once, and once I didn't see it; and the latter experience was more wonderful than the other. I had some London friends visiting me, and after having left them for a few minutes on the veranda of my bungalow, I saw, as I was returning, the same fakir and his assistant, whom I had seen perform the trick, standing about forty feet in front of my friends, apparently preparing to begin a performance. As I was about as far behind the natives as my friends were in front of them, and had not been observed, I stood quietly where I was.
The man placed a drawn knife between his teeth, took the usual ball of twine in his right hand, made a motion as if throwing it into the air, and then stood perfectly quiet. My friends on the veranda were looking into the upper air with astonishment on their faces, which in a minute turned to a look of horror as their eyes came back to the ground. In another minute their countenances lighted up with pleasure, and they applauded roundly.
They could not say enough about the wonderful performance they had seen, and they were astonished beyond measure when I told them I had been as near the fakir as they, and had seen nothing of what had so wonderfully impressed them.
If that was not hypnotism, what was it?
An Expensive Luxury.
Mr. O'Toole (entering doctor's office)—Shure, docter, Oi think Oi hov appendicitis. Dr. Smith—Nonsense, man! You haven't money enough for that.—"Judge."
Supply Limited.
"This is tough luck," said Ham, mournfully, as he leaned out over the side of the ark. "What's wrong now?" queried Shem. "Why, all this water to fish in," replied Ham, "and only two fishin' worms on board."—"Ohio" "State Journal."
Good If True.
"Do you know why our Chinese women have small feet?" asked Charlie York. "It is so that they will stay at home. We don't like our wives to gad about the streets. We don't like strange men to stare at them. For though these men may say nothing unpleasant, yet they are apt to look our women deep in the eyes, and a Chinaman holds that in an interchange of such looks there is something harmful. Therefore the tiny, maimed feet, which will not admit of walking without fatigue and pain. At first, thousands of years ago, women knew why their feet were maimed and they were angry. Then

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G. W. Wright, Professor of Physics and Chemistry, Meadville High School, Meadville, Pa., gives the following endorsement: "We have been users of your Shredded Wheat Biscuit for some time and are greatly pleased with its many estimable qualities; it has an undeniably great food value, it possesses those 'staying qualities' that are so often lacking in the popular cereal foods."
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Turn It Upside Down
—DRINKS IT ALL
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—NOT CARBONATED
The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.
To be had at all hotels and dealers
The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited
they forgot the reason of the custom and they regarded it as a fashion they had themselves created. So they look upon it now, and the smaller their feet the prouder they are. We, their husbands, chuckle and say nothing. For we are wiser than you European and American men."
Guest (impatiently)—Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here? Waiter—Bout a week, sah. Guest—Oh, is that all! Then I must have given my order to some other waiter.—Chicago "Daily News."

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From Washington, D.C. The Southern Railway owns and operates over 8,000 miles of road, and has out of Washington daily six (6) fast through trains, composed of Pullman sleeping cars, dining cars and day coaches. Direct connection made at Washington with both morning and evening trains from Western New York and Pennsylvania. The Southern Railway is the route of the "Southern's Palm Limited" and the "Washington & Southwestern Limited," the most magnificent trains operated in the South; offering to the tourist and traveling public complete service and fast schedules. For full particulars, copies of Winter Homes and Battle-field folders, Charleston Exposition pamphlets, rates, schedule information, etc., call on nearest ticket agent, or write L. S. Brown, General Agent, Southern Railway, Washington, D.C.

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THE GRANDPARENTS' FAVORITE.

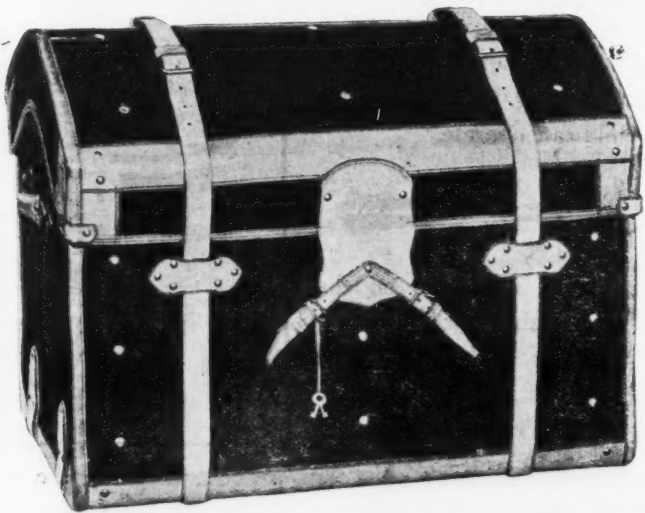
Is made from the choicest leaves of the choicest gardens in Ceylon. The quality is such that it is attracting many new friends every day—people who like the fragrant odor which arises from good tea. Ludella is the tea of all others which has this attractive quality, and which fills the room with its fragrant aroma. This can be confirmed by thousands of people who use it.

Tea advertisements and free distributions of sample packets are not as numerous as they were a few years ago. Then there were dozens of brands being pushed on the market—some good and some very indifferent. The good ones survived, the rest have been left by the wayside. LUDELLA came out of the competition better and stronger than ever.

Ludella Tea is not an experiment, but the best that money and brains can produce.

Your grocer is authorized to refund the money if any package is not perfectly satisfactory.

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Everything about it is of the best, first the basket closely woven, then a heavy fibre stiffening, covered with the best enameled sail-cloth. The leather binding is all hand sewn and every corner and edge is protected with leather. It is lined with two trays lined and leather faced, has an excelsior lock with two keys.

33 inch, \$31.00. 36 inch, \$33.00.

Lettered and sent prepaid. We will send you on request Our Illustrated Catalogue, showing our different styles of Trunks with prices.

THE JULIAN SALE

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Social and Personal.

A musical at Trinity next Saturday bids farewell to social happenings and paves the way to the Lenten Saturday afternoon lectures, which are always a bright and attractive break in the Lenten season. Very pretty programmes are out.

Mrs. Nelles of Brantford is visiting Mrs. Charles Fleming of Streatham House. As usual, friends are giving pleasant affairs for this much-esteemed guest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eckardt and family, who have been living at the Queen's Hotel for the past couple of months, have taken up their residence at 14 Wilcox street.

Senator and Mrs. Cox gave a very large and elegant reception last Saturday at their beautiful home in Sherbourne street. Sons and daughters-in-law assisted the host and hostess. Music, flowers and most recherche refreshments were for the pleasure of the guests, who were distributed between two tea-rooms, an extra buffet, brill-

liant with crimson roses, ribbons and lights, being set in the library. A distinguished company enjoyed this important reunion, which I regret a sudden overcrowding of space prevents my fully describing.

There will be a formidable array of "academic" dances next week. Trinity leads off on Tuesday evening. Varsity is due on Wednesday; Osgoode Hall will be en fete on Friday, on which night Dr. Lang's Engineer Corps will also have their first dance in Varsity Gym. There is on the same night an At Home at Moulton College. Then on Thursday evening Mr. Beardmore's dance at Chudleigh will be the smartest of the smart, and at least four small dances are also on the tapis for Monday and Tuesday evenings. It will be a busy week for the devotees of Terpsichore, surely.

San Toy Coming.

On Monday night, February 10, the offering at the Princess Theater will be the musical comedy, "San Toy," which has been one of the greatest hits in years at Daly's Theater, New York.



These are patented mechanical features that have made the Imperial Oxford popular all over Canada.

A glance shows you their practical advantages.

In addition you must remember that the fire always responds to a touch—burning fast or keeping slow, as required—which saves an immense amount of fuel.

And the ovens are perfectly ventilated, with the heat absolutely uniform at back, front and sides.

If you're thinking at all about ranges, call and look the Imperial Oxford over, and be your own judge of its economical superiority.

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THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited
TORONTO. MONTREAL. WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER.

The scene of "San Toy" is laid in China, and the plot has its origin in an edict of the Emperor ordering the formation of a corps of young women to protect His Majesty's sacred person from the fascination of the English women. Mandarin Yen How, to prevent the enlistment of his daughter, San Toy, disguises her as a boy, her sex being only known to Captain Bobby Preston, a young English officer, with whom she is in love. The ruse brings on further trouble, for a second decree orders the Mandarin's sons to be sent to Pekin, where San Toy goes, and, after many complications, she is rescued from her predicament. The plot is certainly original, and the score abounds in tuneful numbers.

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The moving pictures which have been attracting so much attention at the premises of the Robert Simpson Company (Limited) are to be exhibited at Massey Music Hall on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, February 1. This will afford a final opportunity to those who have not already seen them to view the finest moving pictures extant.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Fish—Jan. 17, at 100 St. Patrick street, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fish, a son.
Campbell—Jan. 25, Toronto, Mrs. J. Lorne Campbell, a daughter.
Pipon—Jan. 24, Toronto, Mrs. F. B. Polson, a daughter.
Snelgrove—Jan. 25, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) C. V. Snelgrove, a son.
Boomer—Toronto, Jan. 25, Mrs. George A. Boomer, a daughter.
Evans—Jan. 15, Ottawa, Mrs. R. H. Evans, a daughter.
Pipon—Jan. 29, Toronto, Mrs. Charles A. Pipon, a daughter.
Sydney—Jan. 28, Toronto, Mrs. E. C. Sydney, a daughter.
Boehm—Jan. 22, Toronto, Mrs. M. Stanley Boehm, a daughter.
Michie—Jan. 22, Toronto, Mrs. G. W. Michie, a son.
Wallace—Jan. 26, Toronto, Mrs. William Wallace, a son.

Deaths.
Beatty—Jan. 25, Toronto, James Beatty, aged 75.
Hachnel—Jan. 25, Toronto, Nelson Hachnel, aged 23.
Harris—Jan. 26, Toronto, William Robert Harris.
Charlton—Jan. 26, Toronto, William A. Charlton.
Vernon—Jan. 25, Toronto, Martha Verne Smith—Jan. 21, Redcliff Whittingham East Lothian, Charles Smith.
Ezard—Jan. 24, Toronto, Sarah A. Ezard.
Howland—Jan. 23, Toronto, Henry Howland, aged 78.
Fisher—Jan. 27, Toronto, Margaret Fisher, aged 71.

William de Leigh Wilson to Jessy Montgomery.
Durham—Miles—Jan. 29, Toronto, T. Herbert Durham to Elizabeth J. Miles.
Buchanan—Rees—Jan. 29, Toronto, John C. Buchanan to Allmeda Rees.

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